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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE MOTHER'S RETROSPECT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HELEN M. PRATT.

Well, I *was* weary,—weary frequently,
And often weakly wavered on my way;
Yet I went on, and labored patiently,
Through hopes and fears, for the full future day.

With careful and unsparing hand I planted
The seeds of Love and Truth in his young soul,
Yet sometimes poison stems shot up, and flaunted
Their baleful blossoms, spurning my control.

'Twas hard to deal him stinging compensation,
When other hands had toiled to teach him sin;
But such I knew was Nature's "education,"—
As God would teach him so must I begin.

With book and picture, woodland walk and story,
Affection's ties, and Reason's warning calls,
With Heaven's commands, and unstained Honor's glory,
I trained him to reject the base and false.

Through blissful days I watched his soul's expansion,
Through sleepless nights his dangers I deplored,
Trembled and feared o'er every gleam of passion,
Hoped and rejoiced o'er noble deed and word.

I am rewarded! 'Tis enough of pleasure
To cancel all past pain,—my goal is won!
And the broad Earth bears no more noble treasure
Than that true man I proudly call "My Son."

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

DEAD BEAT.

Nora was at some business or other in the fold-yard, when the man servant at Trevlyn Hold, more especially devoted to the service of Cris Chattaway, came in at the gate with George Ryle's horse. As he passed Nora on his way to the stables, she turned round, and the man spoke.

"Mr. Ryle's horse, ma'am. Shall I take it on?"

"You know the way," was Nora's short answer. She did not regard the man with any favor, reflecting upon him, in her usual partial fashion, the dislike she entertained for his master and for Trevlyn Hold in general. "Mr. Trevlyn has sent it, I suppose?"

"Mr. Trevlyn!" repeated the groom, betraying some surprise.

Now, it was a fact that at Trevlyn Hold Rupert was never called "Mr. Trevlyn." That it was his proper style and title, was indisputable; but Mr. Chattaway had as great a dislike to hear Rupert called by it as he had a wish to hear himself styled the squire. At the Hold Rupert was "Mr. Rupert" only, and the neighborhood generally had fallen into the same familiar style when speaking of or to him. Nora supposed the man's repetition of the name had insolent reference to this; as much as to say, "Who's Mr. Trevlyn?"

"Yes, Mr. Trevlyn," she resumed in a sharp tone of reprimand. "He is Mr. Trevlyn, Sam Atkins, and you know that he is, however some people may wish that it should be forgotten. He is not Mr. Rupert, and he is not Mr. Rupert Trevlyn, but he is Mr. Trevlyn; and if he had his rights, he'd be Squire Trevlyn. There! you may go and tell your master that I said it."

Sam Atkins, a civil, quiet young fellow, was overpowered with astonishment at Nora's burst of eloquence.

"I'm not saying aught again it, ma'am," cried he, when he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak. "But Mr. Rupert didn't send me with the horse at all. It was young Mr. Chattaway."

"What had he got to do with it?" resentfully asked Nora.

"He rode it home from Blackstone."

"*He* rode it? Cris Chattaway?"

"Yes," said the groom; "he has just got gome now, and he told me to bring the horse back at once."

Nora pointed to the man to take the horse on to its stable, and went in-doors. She could not understand it. When George returned home on foot, and she inquired what he had done with his horse, he told her that he had left it at Blackstone for Rupert Trevlyn. To hear now that it was Cris who had had the benefit of it, and not Rupert, excited Nora's indignation. But the indignation would have increased fourfold had she known that Mr. Cris had rode the horse hard, and made a detour of some five miles out of his way, to transact a matter of private business of his own. She went straight to George, who was seated at tea with Mrs. Ryle.

"Mr. George, I thought you said to me that you had left your horse at Blackstone for Rupert Trevlyn, to save his walking home?"

"So I did," replied George.

"Then it's Cris Chattaway who has come home on it. I'd see *him* far enough before he should have the benefit of my horse!"

"It can't be," returned George; "you must be mistaken, Nora; Cris had his own horse there."

"You can go and ask for yourself," rejoined Nora, in a crusty tone, not at all liking to be told that she was mistaken.—"Sam Atkins is putting the horse in the stable, and he says it was Cris Chattaway who rode it from Blackstone."

George did go and ask for himself. He could not understand it at all: and he had no more fancy for allowing Cris Chattaway the use of his horse than Nora had. He supposed they had been exchanging steeds; though why they should do so, he could not imagine: that Cris had used his, and Rupert the one belonging to Cris.

Sam Atkins was in the stable, talking to Boyer, one of the men about the farm.—George saw at a glance that his horse had been ridden hard.

"Who rode this horse home?" he inquired, as the groom touched his hat to him.

"Young Mr. Chattaway, sir."

"And Mr. Rupert; what did he ride?"

"Mr. Rupert, sir? I don't think he is come home."

"Where's Mr. Cris Chattaway's own horse?"

"He have left it at Blackstone, sir. It fell dead lame, he says. I be going for it, now."

George paused.

"I lent my horse to Mr. Rupert," he said. "Do you know how it was that he did not use it himself?"

"I don't know nothing about it, sir. Mr. Cris came home just now on your horse, and told me to bring it down here immediate. His orders was, to go on to Blackstone for his, and to mind I led it gently home. He never mentioned Mr. Rupert."

Considerably later—in fact it was past nine o'clock—Rupert Trevlyn appeared.—George Ryle was leaning over the gate at the foot of his garden in a musing attitude, the bright stars above him, the slight frost of the autumn night rendering the air clear, though not very cold, when he saw a figure come slowly winding up the road. It was Rupert Trevlyn. The same misfortune seemed to have befallen him that had befallen the horse, for he limped as he walked.

"Are you lame, Rupert?" asked George.

"Lame with fatigue; nothing else," answered Rupert, in that low, half-inaudible voice which a very depressed state of physical energy will induce. "Let me come in and sit down half-an-hour, George, or I shall never get to the Hold."

"How was it that you let Cris Chattaway ride my horse home? I left it for yourself."

"*Let* him! He mounted and galloped off without my knowing—the sneak! I'd as soon steal a horse, as be guilty of such a sly, cowardly trick. I declare I had half a mind to ride his horse home, lame as it was—but that the poor animal is in evident pain, I would have done it!"

"You are very late."

"I have been such a while coming. The truth is, I sat down when I was half way here; I was so dead tired I couldn't stir a step; and I dropped asleep."

"A very wise proceeding!" cried George, in a pleasant, though mocking tone. He did not care to say more plainly how *unwise*—nay, how pernicious, it might be for Rupert Trevlyn. "Did you sleep long?"

"Pretty well. The stars were out when I awoke; and I felt ten times more tired when I got up than I had felt when I sat down."

George placed him in the most comfortable arm-chair they had, and got him a glass of wine. Nora brought some refreshment, but Rupert could not eat it.

"Try it," urged George.

"I can't," said Rupert; "I am completely done over."

He leaned back in the chair, his fair curls falling on its cushions, his bright face—bright with a touch of inward fever—turned upwards to the light. Gradually his eyelids closed, and he dropped into a calm sleep.

George sat watching him. Mrs. Ryle, who was poorly still, had retired to her chamber for the night, and they were alone. Very unkindly, as may be thought, George woke him soon, and told him it was time for him to go.

"Do not deem me inhospitable, Rupert; but it will not do for you to be locked out again to-night."

"What's the time?" asked Rupert.

"Considerably past ten."

"I was in such a nice dream. I thought I was being carried along in a large sail, belonging to a ship. The motion was pleasant and soothing to a degree. Past ten! What a bother! I shall be half dead again before I get to the Hold."

"I'll lend you my arm, Ru, to help you along."

"That's a good fellow!" exclaimed Rupert.

He got up and stretched himself and then fell back in his chair like a leaden weight.

"I'd give five shillings to be there without the trouble of walking," quoth he.

"Rupert, you will be late."

"I can't help it," returned Rupert, folding his arms and leaning back again in the chair. "If Chattaway locks me out again, he must. I'll sit down in the portico until morning, for I shan't be able to stir another step from it."

Rupert was in that physically depressed state which reacts upon the mind. It may be said that he was as incapable of *care* as of exertion: whether he got in or not, whether he passed the night in a comfortable bed, or under the trees in the avenue, seemed of very little moment in his present state of feeling. Altogether, he was some time getting off; and they heard the remote church clock of Barbrook chime out the half past ten before they were half way to the Hold. The sound came distinctly to their ears on the calm night air.

"I was about at this spot when the half-hour struck last night," remarked Rupert.—"I ran all the way home after that—with what success you know. I can't run to-night."

"I'll do my best to get you in," said George. "I hope I shan't be tempted, though, to speak my mind too plainly to Chattaway."

The Hold was closed for the night.—Lights appeared in several of the windows. Rupert halted when he saw the light in one of them.

"Aunt Diana must have returned," he said; "that's her room."

George Ryle rang a loud, quick peal at the bell, it was not answered. He then rang again: a sharp, imperative, urgent peal, and shouted out with his stentorian voice, a prolonged shout that could not have come from the lungs of Rupert, and it brought Mr. Chattaway to the window of his wife's dressing-room in very surprise.—One or two more windows in different parts of the house were thrown up.

"It is I, Mr. Chattaway. I have been assisting Rupert home. Will you be so kind as to allow the door to be opened?"

Mr. Chattaway was nearly struck dumb with the insolence of the demand, coming from the quarter it did. He could scarcely speak at first, even to refuse.

"He does not deserve your displeasure to-night," said George, in his clear, frank, ringing voice, which might be heard distinctly ever so far. "He could scarcely get here from fatigue and illness. But for taking a rest at my mother's house, and having the help of my arm from thence here, I question if he would have got as far. Be so good as to let him in, Mr. Chattaway."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. CHATTAWAY'S "OLD IMPRESSION."

It was surely a scene to excite some interest, if only the interest of curiosity, that was presented at Trevlyn Hold that night. Octave Chattaway in evening dress—for she had not begun to prepare for bed, although some time in her chamber—standing at the hall-door which she had opened; Miss Diana pressing forward from the back of the hall in a hasty thrown-on dressing-gown; Mr. Chattaway in a waistcoat; Cris in greater dishabille, and Mrs. Chattaway dressed as was Octave.

Rupert came in, coughing with the night air, and leaning on the arm of George Ryle. There was no light, save what was afforded by a candle carried by Miss Trevlyn; but she stepped forward to the lamp and lighted it.

"Now then," said she. "What is all this?"

"It is this," returned the master of Trevlyn Hold; "that I make rules for the proper regulation of my household, and a beardless boy chooses to break them. I should think"—turning shortly upon Miss Diana—"that you are not the one to countenance that."

"No," said she; "when rules are made, they must be kept. What is your defence, Rupert?"

Rupert had thrown himself upon a bench against the wall in utter weariness both of mind and body.

"I don't care to make any defence," said he in his apathy, as he leaned his cheek upon his hand and fixed his blue eyes on Miss Trevlyn's; "I don't know that there's much defence to make. Mr. Chattaway orders me to be in by half-past ten. I was at George Ryle's last night, and I a little exceeded the time, getting here five minutes or so after it, so I was locked out. Cris let himself in with his latch-key, but he would not let in me."

Miss Diana glanced at Cris, but she said nothing. Mr. Chattaway interrupted.—George, erect, fearless, was standing opposite to the group, and it was to him that Mr. Chattaway turned.

"What I want to know is this—by what right *you* interfere, George Ryle?"

"I am not aware that I have interfered—except by giving Rupert my arm up the hill, and by asking you to admit him. No very unjustifiable interference, surely, Mr. Chattaway."

"But it is, sir. And I ask why you presume to do it?"

"Presume?" returned George, making a pause after the word. But there was no answer to it, and he went on. "I saw Rupert to-night accidentally as he was coming from Blackstone. It was about nine o'clock. I was at my garden-gate. He appeared terribly tired, and wished to come in to the house and rest. There he fell asleep. I awoke him in time, but he seemed to be too weary to get here himself, and I came with him to help him along. He walked slowly—painfully I should say; and it made him arrive later than he ought to have arrived. Will you be so good, Mr. Chattaway, as to explain what part of this interference was unjustifiable? I do not see that I could have done less."

"You will see that you do less for the future," growled Mr. Chattaway. "I will have no interference of yours between the Hold and Rupert Trevlyn."

"Oh, Mr. Chattaway, you may make yourself perfectly easy," returned George, some sarcasm in his tone. "Nothing could be farther from my intention than to interfere in any way with you, or with the Hold, or with Rupert in connection with you and the Hold. But until you show me any good and sufficient reason for the contrary, I shall certainly observe common courtesy to Rupert when he comes in my way. Can I do no less than this, Miss Diana?" he asked, suddenly turning to her.

"There is no cause for you to do less," replied Miss Diana.

"I told Mr. Chattaway this morning, when he spoke to me upon the subject, that nothing could be farther from my intention than to interfere with Rupert's affairs in any way. I have never done it; my mother has never done it; and what Mr. Chattaway can have taken into his head that he should fancy I have, or will, I cannot imagine."

"Not interfere!" interrupted Cris. "But you do interfere. Why, you know that only this day you left your horse for him at Blackstone, and walked home."

"As I would have left it for *you*, Cris, had you been unfit to walk home, as I believe Rupert was. You took care that he should not have the benefit of it, for you seized upon the horse and rode him home without leave or license. *That* was interfering, if you like, interfering with me; and you will have the goodness not to attempt anything of the sort again. I am friendly with Rupert, courteously civil to him," he continued, turning to Mr. Chattaway; "but I am nothing more. If there is any cause why I should not be, will you be so kind as to tell it me now?"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Diana. "What reason can there be why you should not be friendly with Rupert, George Ryle? Do *you* say there is any?" she asked, wheeling sharply round on Chattaway.

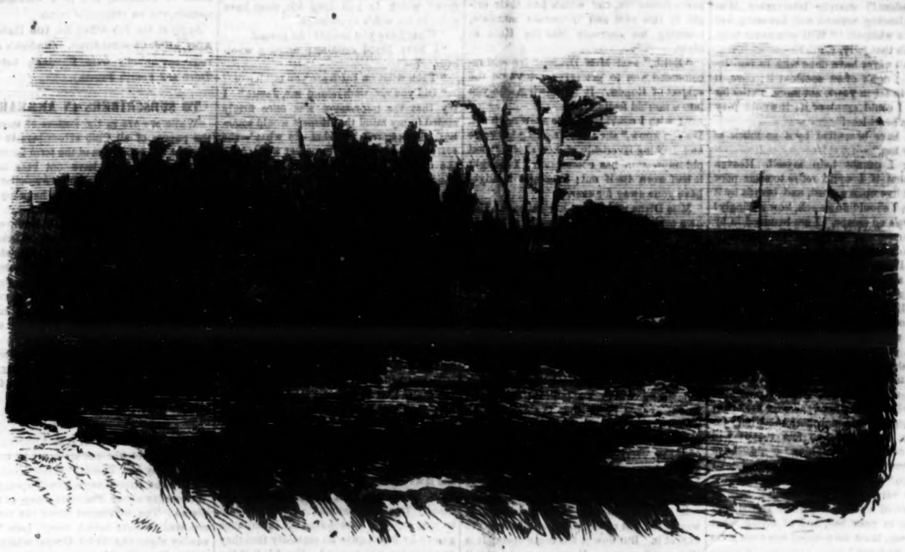
Chattaway gave a sniff.

"No," said he.

"Of course not," repeated Miss Diana. "You should not take up fancies, George Ryle. It was kind of you to leave your horse for him to-day—although it seems Mr. Cris generously appropriated it; it was neighborly on your part to see him home now."

"There's one thing requires explanation," said Mr. Chattaway, drowning Miss Diana's voice. "How came *you*"—flinging out his arm to Rupert—"to stop at Blackstone till this time of night? Where had you been lagging?"

Rupert lifted his head, which had been



MRS. LINCOLN'S CARRIAGE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WITH RUSH'S LANCERS AS ESCORT.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents Mrs. Lincoln's carriage on its way from Gen. Hooker's headquarters to the recent grand review on the Rappahannock. The mounted escort shown in the picture, consisted of a company of Rush's Philadelphia Lancers. The condition of the Virginia roads, on this occasion, rendered the four handsome bays attached to the carriage useful as well as ornamental. The review proved the army to be in splendid condition.

bent over his head, and answered the questions mechanically.

"I didn't leave until late. Fred wanted to go home, and I had to stop. After that I sat down on the way and dropped asleep."

"Sat down on your way and dropped asleep?" echoed Miss Diana. "What made you do that?"

"I don't know. I had been tired all day. I had no bed, you hear, last night."

"Where did you pass the night?" questioned Miss Diana.

"Outside," said Rupert. Exactly as he had answered in the morning.

"I don't believe it," angrily spoke up Chattaway. "I have been asking him all day where he slept, but he braves me."

"I slept in no bed, at any rate," said Rupert, rising from the bench. "I suppose I can go to mine now? I want it badly enough."

"You can go—*for now*," assented the master of Trevlyn Hold. "But you understand that it is the last time I shall suffer my rules to be set at naught. You shall be in to time, or you do not come in at all."

Rupert shook hands with George Ryle, spoke a general "Good-night" to the rest collectively, and went towards the stairs. At the back of the hall, lingering there in her timidity, stood Mrs. Chattaway.

"Good-night, dear Aunt Edith," he whispered.

She gave no answer. She only laid her hand upon his as he passed, and so momentary was the action that it escaped unobserved, save by one pair of eyes—and those were Octave Chattaway's.

George was the next to go. Octave put out her hand to him.

"Does Caroline come to the harvest home?" she inquired.

"Yes, I think so. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied Octave, amiably. "I am glad you took care of Rupert."

"She's as false as her father," thought George, as he commenced his strides down the avenue.

They were all dispersing. There was nothing now to stay up for. Chattaway was turning to the staircase, when Miss Diana stepped inside one of the sitting-rooms, carrying her candle with her, and beckoned to him.

"What do you want, Diana?" he asked, in not a pleasant tone, as he followed her in.

"Why did you shut out Rupert last night?"

"Because I chose to do it!"

"But suppose I choose that he should not be shut out?" returned Miss Diana.

"Then we shall split," angrily rejoined the master of Trevlyn Hold. "I say that half past ten o'clock is quite late enough for Rupert to enter. He's younger than Cris; you and Edith say he is not strong; *is* it too early?"

Mr. Chattaway was right in this. It was a sufficiently late hour; and Miss Diana, after a pause, pronounced it to be so.

"I shall talk to Rupert," she said.—"There's no harm in his going to spend an hour or two with George Ryle, or with any other friend, but he must be home in good time."

"Just so; he must be home in good time," acquiesced Chattaway. "He shall be home by half-past ten. And the only way to ensure that, is to lock him out at first when he transgresses it. Therefore, Diana I shall follow my own way in this, and I beg you will not interfere."

Miss Diana went up to Rupert's room. He had taken off his coat, and thrown himself on the bed, as if the fatigue of undressing were too much for him.

"What's that for?" asked Miss Diana, as she entered. "Is that the way you get into bed?"

Rupert rose and sat down on a chair.

"Only the coming up-stairs seems to tire me," he said, in a tone of apology. "I should not have lain a minute."

Miss Diana threw her head a little back, and looked fully at Rupert. The determined will of the Trevlyns shone out from every line of her face.

"I have come to ask where you slept last night. I mean to know it, Rupert."

"I don't mind your knowing it," replied Rupert; "I have told Aunt Edith. I decline to tell Chattaway, and I hope that nobody else will tell him."

"Why?"

"Because he might lay blame where no blame is due. Chattaway turned me from the door, Aunt Diana, and Cris, who came up just after, turned me from it also. I went down to the lodge, and got Ann Canham to let me in, and I lay part of the night on their hard settle, and part of the night I sat upon it. That's where I was. But if Chattaway knew it, he'd be turning old Canham from the lodge, as he turned me from the door."

"Oh, no he'd not," said Miss Diana, "if it were my pleasure to keep them in it."

"You'll not tell him, aunt?"

"There's no necessity to tell him," she replied. "Do you feel ill to-night, Rupert?"

"I feel middling. It is that I am tired, I suppose. I shall be all right in the morning."

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, Aunt Diana."

Miss Diana descended to her own room. Inside it, waiting for her, was Mrs. Chattaway. Mrs. Chattaway had a shawl thrown over her shoulders now, and seemed to be shivering. She slipped the bolt of the door—what was she afraid of?—and turned to Miss Trevlyn, her hands clasped.

"Diana, this is killing me!" she wailed. "Why should Rupert be treated as he is? I know I am but a poor creature, that I have been one all my life—a very coward; but sometimes I think that I must speak out and protest against the injustice, though I should die in the effort."

"Why, what's the matter?" uttered Miss Diana, whose intense composure formed a strange contrast to her sister's agitated words and bearing.

"Oh, you know!—you know! I have not dared to speak out much, even to you, Diana; but it's killing me—it's killing me! Is it not enough that we despoiled Rupert of his inheritance, but we must also—"

"Be silent!" sharply interrupted Miss Diana, glancing around and lowering her voice to a whisper. "Will you never have done with that folly, Edith?"

"I shall never have done with its remembrance. I don't often speak of it; once, it may be, in seven years, not more. Better for me that I could speak of it; it would prey upon my heart less!"

"You have benefitted by it as much as anybody has."

"Yes; I cannot help myself. Heaven knows that if I could retire to some poor hut, and live upon a crust, and benefit by it no more, I should do so—oh, how willingly! But there's no escape. I am hemmed in by its consequences; we are all hemmed in by them—and there's no escape."

Miss Diana looked at her. Steadfastly, keenly; not angrily, but searching and critically, as a doctor looks at a patient supposed to be afflicted with insanity.

"If you do not take care, Edith, you will go mad upon this point, as I believe I have warned you before," she said, with composed calmness. "I am not sure but you are slightly touched now!"

"I do not think I am," replied poor Mrs. Chattaway, passing her hand over her brow. "I feel confused enough here sometimes for madness, but there's no fear that it will really come. If thinking could have turned me mad I should have been mad years ago."

"The very act of your coming here in this state of excitement, when you should be going to your bed, and of saying what you do say, must be nothing less than a degree of madness."

"I would go to bed if I could sleep," wailed Mrs. Chattaway. "I lie awake night after night, thinking of the past; of the present; thinking of Rupert and of what we did for him; thinking of the treatment we deal out to him now. I think of his father, poor Joe; I think of his mother, Emily Dean, whom we once so loved; and I—and I—I cannot sleep, Diana!"

There really did seem something strange in Mrs. Chattaway to-night. For once in her life, Diana Trevlyn's heart beat a shade faster.

"Try and calm yourself, Edith," she said, soothingly.

"I wish I could! I should be more calm if you and my husband would let me be. If you would but allow Rupert to be treated with common kindness—"

"He is not treated with unkindness," interrupted Miss Diana.

"It appears to me that he is treated with nothing but unkindness. He—"

"Is he beaten? is he starved?"

"The system pursued towards him is altogether unkind," persisted Mrs. Chattaway. "Indulgences dealt out to our own children are denied to him. When I think that he might be the true master of Trevlyn Hold—"

"Edith, I shall not listen to this," interrupted Miss Diana. "What has come to you to-night?"

A shiver passed over the frame of Mrs. Chattaway. She was sitting on a low toilette chair covered with white drapery, her elbow on her knee, her head bent on her hand. By her reply, which she did not look up to give, it appeared that she took the question literally.

"I feel the pain more than usual; nothing else. I do feel it so sometimes."

"What pain?" asked Miss Diana.

"The pain of remorse; the pain of the wrong dealt out to Rupert. It seems to be greater than I can bear. Do you know," she added, raising her bright, feverish eyes to Miss Diana, "that I never closed my eyelids once last night? All the long night through I was thinking of Rupert. I fancied him lying outside on the damp grass; I fancied him—"

"Stop a minute, Edith. Are you seeking to blame your husband to me?"

"No, no; I don't blame him—I don't seek to blame any one. But I wish it could be altered."

"If Rupert knows the hour for coming in—and it is not an unreasonable hour—it is he who is to blame if he exceeds it."

Mrs. Chattaway could not gainsay this. In point of fact, though she found that things were grievously uncomfortable, wrong altogether, she had not the strength of mind to say *where* the system was deficient, or how it should be altered. On this fresh agitation, the coming in at half-past ten at night, she could only judge as a vacillating woman. The hour, as Miss Diana said, was not an unreasonable one, and Mrs. Chattaway would have fallen in with it with all her heart, and approved her husband's judgment in making it, if Rupert had only obeyed its mandate. If Rupert did not obey it—if he somewhat exceeded its bounds—she would have liked that the door should still be open to him, and no scolding given. It was the discomfort that worried her; it was mixing itself up with the old feeling of wrong done to Rupert, rendering things, as she aptly expressed it, more miserable than she could bear.

"I'll talk to Rupert to-morrow morning," said Miss Diana. "I shall add my authority to Chattaway's, and tell him that he *must* be in."

It may be that a shadow of the future was casting itself over the mind of Mrs. Chattaway, dimly and vaguely pointing to the terrible events hereafter to arise—events which would throw their consequences on all Rupert's future life, and which had their origin in this new and ill-omened mandate, touching his entrance into the Hold at night.

"Edith," said Miss Diana, "I would recommend you to get less sensitive on the subject of Rupert. It is growing with you into a morbid feeling."

"I wish I could! It does grow upon me. Do you know," she added, sinking her voice and looking feverishly at her sister, "that old impression has come again. I thought it had worn itself out; I thought it might have gone away for ever."

Miss Diana nearly lost her patience. Her own mind was the very opposite to her sister's; the two as widely different in their organization as are the north and the south pole. Fanciful, dreamy, vacillating, and weak, the one; the other strong, practical, very matter-of-fact.

"I don't know what you mean by the 'old impression,'" she rejoined, with a contempt she did not seek to disguise. "Is it any new folly?"

"I have told you of it in the old days, Diana. I used to feel certain—certain—that the wrong which we inflicted on Rupert would avenge itself—that in some way he would come into his inheritance, and we should be despoiled of it. I felt so certain of it that every morning of my life, when I got up, I seemed to look for its fulfillment before the day should close. But the time went on and on, and it never was fulfilled;—it went on so long that the impression wore itself out of my mind, and I ceased to expect it. But now it has come again. It is stronger than ever. For some weeks past it has been growing more palpable to me day by day, and I cannot shake it off."

"The best thing you can do now is to go to bed, and try and sleep off your folly," cried Miss Trevlyn, with the stinging contempt she allowed herself at rare times to show to her sister. "I feel more provoked with you, Edith, than I can express. A child might be pardoned for entertaining such absurdities; a woman, never."

Mrs. Chattaway rose.

"I'll go to bed," she meekly answered, "and get what sleep I may. I remember that you cast ridicule on this feeling of mine in the old days—"

"Pray did anything come of it then?" interrupted Miss Diana, sarcastically.

"I have said it did not. And the impression left me. But it has come again now. Good-night, Diana."

"Good-night, and a more sensible frame of mind to you!" was the retort of Miss Diana Trevlyn.

Mrs. Chattaway crept softly along the corridor to her own dressing-room. She was in hopes that her husband by that time was in bed and asleep. What was her surprise, then, to see him sitting at the table when she entered, not undressed, and as wide awake as she was.

"You have business with Diana late," he remarked.

Mrs. Chattaway felt wholly and entirely subdued; she had felt so since the previous night, when Rupert was denied admittance. The painful timidity, clinging to her always, seemed partially to have left her for a time—not to be putting itself so palpably foremost. It was as though she had not the strength left to be shy; almost, as Rupert felt in his weariness of body, she was past caring for anything in her utter weariness of mind. Otherwise, she might not have spoken to Miss Diana as she had just done; most certainly she could never have spoken as she was about to speak to Mr. Chattaway.

"What may your business with her have been?" he resumed.

"It was not much, James," she answered. "I was saying how ill I felt."

"Ill! With what?"

"Ill in mind, I think," said Mrs. Chattaway, putting her hand to her brow. "I was telling her that the old fear had come upon me; the impression that used to cling to me always that some change was at hand regarding Rupert. I lost it for a great many years, but it has come again."

"Try and speak lucidly, if you can," was Mr. Chattaway's answer. "What has come again?"

"It seems to have come upon me in the light of a warning," she resumed, so lucidly that Mr. Chattaway, had he been some steps lower in the social grade, might have felt inclined to beat her. "I have ever felt that Rupert would in some manner regain his rights—I mean what he was deprived of," she hastily added, in deprecation of the word "rights," which had slipped from her. "That he will regain Trevlyn Hold, and we shall lose it."

Mr. Chattaway listened in consternation, his mouth gradually opening in his bewilderment.

"What makes you think that?" he asked, when he had found his tongue.

"I don't exactly *think* it, James. Think is not the right word. The feeling has come upon me again within the last few weeks, and I cannot shake it off. I believe it to be a presentiment; a warning."

Paler and paler grew Mr. Chattaway. He did not understand. Like Miss Diana Trevlyn, he was very matter-of-fact, comprehending nothing but what could be seen and felt; and his wife might as well have spoken to him in an unknown language as of "presentiments." He drew a rapid conclusion that some unpleasant fact, bearing upon the dread which *he* had long felt, must have come to his wife's knowledge.

"What have you heard?" he gasped.

"I have heard nothing; nothing whatever. I—"

"Then what on earth are you talking of?"

"Did you not understand me, James? I say that the impression was once firmly seated in my mind that Rupert would somehow be restored to what—to what"—she scarcely knew how to frame her words with the delicacy she deemed due to her husband's feelings—"to what would have been his but for his father's death. And that impression has now returned to me."

"But you have not heard anything? Any plot?—any conspiracy that's being hatched against us?" he reiterated.

"No, no."

Mr. Chattaway stared searchingly at his wife. Did he fancy, as Miss Diana had done, that her intellects were becoming disordered?

"Why, then, what do you mean?" he asked, after a pause. "Why should such an idea arise?"

Mrs. Chattaway was silent. She could not say to him the truth; could not say to him that she believed it was the constant dwelling upon the wrong, and the injustice, which had first suggested the notion that the wrong would inevitably recoil on them, the workers of it. They had broken alike the laws of God and man; and those who do so cannot be sure, in this world, of immunity from punishment. That they had so long enjoyed unmolested the inheritance gained by fraud, gave no certainty that they would enjoy it to the end. She felt it, if her husband and Diana Trevlyn did not. All too often there were certain verses of Holy Writ spelling out their syllables upon her brain. "Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless; for their redeemer is mighty; He shall plead their cause with thee."

All this she could not say to Mr. Chattaway. She could give him no good reason for what she had said; he did not understand imaginative fancies, and he went to rest after bestowing upon her a sharp lecture for indulging in such.

Nevertheless, in spite of her denial, the master of Trevlyn Hold could not divest himself of the impression that she must have picked up some scrap of news, or heard a word dropped in some quarter, which had led her to say what she did; and it gave him terrible discomfort.

Was the haunting shadow, the dread lying latent in his heart, about to be changed into substance? He lay on his bed, turning uneasily from side to side until morning light, and wondering from what quarter the first glimmer of the mischief would come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Massacre on the Boulevard

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

For her beauty, for her grandeur, for her historic fame, for her warlike deeds, for her power to lead the will of a mighty nation, and to crown or discrown its monarchs, no city on earth is worthy to be the rival of Paris. Yet, because of the palsy that came upon her after the slaughter on the Boulevard, this Paris—this beauteous, heroic Paris, this queen of great renown—was delivered, bound, into the hands of Prince Louis Bonaparte, and Morny, and Maupas, or De Maupas, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy. And the benefit which Prince Louis derived from the massacre was not transitory. It is a maxim of French politics that, happen what may, a man seeking to be a ruler of France must not be ridiculous. From 1836 until 1848 Prince Louis had never ceased to be obscure, except by bringing upon himself the laughter of the world, and his election into the chair of the Presidency had only served to bring upon him a more constant outpouring of the scorn and sarcasm which Paris knows how to bestow. Even the suddenness and perfect success of the blow, struck in the night, between the 1st and 2nd of December, had failed to make Paris think of him with gravity. But it was otherwise after three o'clock on the 4th of December; and it happened that the most strenuous adversaries of this oddly-fated Prince were those who, in one respect, best served his cause, for the more they strove to show that he, and he alone, of his own design and malice had planned and ordered the massacre, the more completely they relieved him from the disqualification which had hitherto made it impossible for him to become the supreme ruler of France. Before the night closed in on the 4th of December, he was sheltered safe from ridicule by the ghastly heaps on the Boulevard.—*Kinglake.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

General Hooker put his army in motion on Monday and Tuesday of last week, and crossed the Rappahannock on Tuesday and Wednesday above Fredericksburg, at three places. The movement down the river is reported to have been a feint. Late Wednesday night the Third Corps, which was at the four-mile bridge, marched straight up the river again and joined the Second at Banks's Ford; and early Thursday morning the First Corps followed in its path, and also halted at the same ford—leaving the Seventh Corps still below to cross there if expedient. The laying of the pontoons and the crossing in general seem to have been well managed, as the rebel pickets in several cases were surrounded and captured. Gen. Stoneman's cavalry crossed at Kelly's Ford, above Fredericksburg, with the object probably of making a dash at the enemy's communications. What Gen. Hooker's plan of campaign is has not developed itself at the time of the present writing; but it is evident that Hooker is determined to win or lose a great battle. Well, an old poet has said—

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all."

From Western Virginia we learn of the burning of several important bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and a repulse of Gen. Mulligan at Fairmount. And yet Gen. Schenck is said to have 15,000 men in his Department—certainly enough to manage one or two thousand guerillas.

In Louisiana General Banks seems to have cleaned out the rebel forces pretty effectually—separating Texas and its resources from the "confederacy."

The army of Grant is moving probably against the rear of Vicksburg from Carthage on the South-West, and up the Big Black River. The railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson once taken and held, and Vicksburg will probably have to surrender at discretion.

The rebels in Tennessee appear to be menacing Rosecrans, whose *role* of late seems simply to have been to hold fast, and "let the heathen rage, and imagine vain things." If Grant can take Vicksburg, and then move to the aid of Rosecrans, the world will see some beautiful "skedaddling" in Tennessee. The rebels, however, may strive to anticipate him, by massing their forces, and seeking to overwhelm Rosecrans, before he can be reinforced.

As we see it stated that two more "devils" have left New York for Charleston harbor, another attack is evidently preparing. Certainly Northern ingenuity ought to be able to contrive something to remove the rebel obstructions. One of the rebel papers, speaking of the recent attack, and alluding to the floating ashore of the raft, said that at last even the "devil" had deserted the Yankees. We may reply that such a fate will not be apt to befall the rebel "confederacy."

CURIOUS FACTS.

Mr. Furniss, of the Sanitary Commission, states as a curious fact relative to the health of the army, that the typhoid fever exists the most in regiments which use India rubber blankets, and less in those which sleep on the straw. While the highest number of cases of rheumatism exist in those organizations which sleep on boards or floors, and less in those which sleep on the ground.

THE IGNEOUS THEORY.

We published in THE POST of April [illegible], a criticism by Mr. Boyden, upon Professor Agassiz's article explanatory of the Igneous Theory of the formation of the earth. We did this in no spirit of disrespect to the learned and estimable professor, but in order to show some of the objections which may be brought against the theory in question, and which—however they may appear to the profoundly scientific mind—have quite a formidable aspect to the slightly scientific.

If such criticisms answer no other purpose, they will at least afford Professor Agassiz an opportunity of observing upon just what branches of the subject his unscientific readers need more enlightenment.

Our attention has been recalled to this matter by a letter from one of our brother editors in the state of New York. He says:

I am ready to agree with Mr. Boyden that it is rather difficult to conceive how "the cooling of the earth's crust" could give rise to "an atmosphere," and to "all its attendant phenomena—the rising of vapor, the formation of clouds, the falling of rain, the gathering of water," until the surface of the globe becomes a shoreless sea. Some of us here have been talking over that part of Prof. Agassiz's article, and have come to the conclusion that he (and all other writers to us accessible) hasten over this part of the subject in a most unsatisfactory way. And we are compelled to say the same of Mr. Boyden. We fail to discover that he advances any theory to replace the one upon which he throws so much distrust. Will Mr. Boyden be kind enough to give several interested persons, through the columns of the Post, his theory of the formation of our globe and of its atmosphere?

We are disposed to think that it will prove a much easier thing for Mr. Boyden, and everybody else, to pick holes in the igneous theory, than to develope and maintain a theory of their own. Besides, we should like to hear more fully from Professor Agassiz, or some well-informed disciple of the igneous school. Perhaps the objections which seem so potent to the unscientific mind, may be brushed away by a few clear sentences from some man of science. Such lucid and concise explanations of what now seems so obscure, would be very welcome to us, and gladly published in THE POST.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

"If fifty cents had been put out at compound interest four hundred years ago, it would have now amounted to $40,000,000,000, and something over; enough to pay off the public debts of Great Britain and of the United States almost four times over.

What a sad thing it is that no one living four hundred years ago, had the sense to put out a dollar or two at compound interest for the benefit of posterity. One penny thus invested by Father Adam, we have seen it repeatedly stated, would amount by this time to an almost incalculable sum.—And yet, in spite of all these calculations, no one invests the penny or half-dollar for the benefit of coming generations. Is not then a degree of benevolent foresight a characteristic of the human constitution?

The fact is, we suppose, that all the large class of calculations alluded to, are deficient in the element of practicability. Theoretically they are true, but practically they are, to a great degree, false. Money put at interest in this world, is in perpetual danger of loss. When individual cupidity or folly does not imperil it, national convulsions do. Thieves of various kinds are continually breaking in upon, and stealing the treasure of this earth. And in proportion to the increase of your money put at interest, would be the chances of its being unfairly appropriated by fraud or force. Thus much may be said in excuse of Father Adam, and the philanthropists of hundreds of years ago, who doubtless would have invested a few pennies, or even pounds sterling, at compound interest for our benefit, if they had the least idea that the present generation would ever have the good luck to see the enormous proceeds.

POPULAR NOTIONS OF A FAST DAY.—We see it stated that the sales in this city of poultry, sirloins, lobsters, &c., in preparation for Fast Day, were immense. To the hucksters and butchers the day was a day of great rejoicing. How it was among the stricter classes of church members we are unable to say, but the people generally evidently have very little idea of fasting as a religious exercise.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.—This Department in THE POST is edited under the direction of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the Commission, and not by the editor of THE POST. We simply allow the Commission the free use of a column or two weekly, in order to keep the subject of aid to the sick and wounded soldiers constantly before the community.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines." Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA. By JOHN S. HITTELL. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CAMPAIGNS OF 1862 and 1863, ILLUSTRATING THE PRINCIPLES OF STRATEGY. By EMIL SCHALK, author of "Summary of the Art of War." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES. Pekin. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. R.

III.

It has been well said that Sigismund's funeral bell was the tocsin of anarchy in Poland. The same jealousy which led to the choice of the first Jagellon, precluded the possibility of the elevation of a native to the vacant throne, which, like that of Pertinax, awaited the gold of a Didius. The ambitious potentates of all Europe clutched at the tempting bait, trusting to their own legions to maintain their authority against the efforts of their turbulent electors.

But an interregnum of two years ensued, which time was occupied in determining more accurately the functions of the diet, and in regulating the manner of electing their prospective monarch. The *Pacta Conventa* was enlarged and revised, the Roman Catholic was proclaimed to be the religion of the state, without, however, denying the liberty of worship to dissidents, and the influence of women in the government carefully guarded against. It now only remained to choose the royal puppet.

Henry, Duke of Anjou, heir presumptive to the French throne, and the son of Catherine de Medici, was the recipient of the Polish crown, though not a willing one, fearing that this dignity which his family had secured for him, was intended as a substitute for his French inheritance. When, therefore, some months after his coronation he received tidings of his brother's decease, he left his Polish dominions by stealth, and at Paris seated himself on the French throne. This abdication again left the nation in the miseries of an interregnum, which, after much contention, was ended by the election of Stephen Batory, Duke of Transylvania, and the husband of the sister of Sigismund Augustus.

Stephen was a prince, who combined talent and virtue, and whose reign was glorious to the nation. His victories over the Russians were signal and decisive, and the readiness with which he accepted the mediation of the Pope, testifies that his sword was drawn to defend his own rights, and not to encroach upon his neighbor's possessions. His firm administration of the government preserved internal order, and his military reputation commanded the respect of his fellow sovereigns. Conscious of the inefficiency and unreliability of the *hospolita*, or national militia, he instituted the system of maintaining standing armies, drawing his recruits from the Cossacks, whose lances had been very efficient in his Russian campaigns. He established them in the Ukraine, where they long remained the bulwark against Russian and Moslem depredations. This most excellent sovereign died in 1586, having reigned eleven years.

Sigismund, of Sweden, was the next monarch. His reign opened with a Turkish war, caused by the incursions of the Cossacks, in which much blood was shed without either party gaining any decisive advantage. After a peace had terminated this sanguinary contest, Sigismund's claim to the Swedish throne involved Poland in a war with that nation. But the Swedes obstinately opposed his attempts to assume his inheritance; and Sigismund, foiled in his designs, sought in a Russian campaign consolation for his disappointment. A Polish army, under Zolkiewiski, an ancestor of John Sobieski, marched to Moscow, and bore off in triumph the Czar and his brother. In a second Turkish war, which occurred during this reign, the Poles lost their prestige, and in a battle on the Dneiper, Zolkiewiski was defeated, his army demoralized, and himself slain.

In the meantime Gustavus Adolphus had ascended the Swedish throne, and bade defiance to Sigismund and to Europe. Livonia became the seat of war, where Polish and Swedish armies were engaged in incessant conflicts, the result being invariably favorable to Gustavus, except in the siege of Dantzig which he was obliged to raise. A peace was finally concluded by which Elbing, Memel, and Pillau, together with their conquests in Livonia were ceded to the Swedes.

In reviewing the state of the kingdom during Sigismund's reign, which was terminated by his death in 1632, we see evidences of the approaching decay of its greatness.—Religious controversies, begun in friendship but ended in hate, agitated the populace; the glory of the Russian campaign was obscured by the reverses of Zolkiewiski and the loss of Livonia; the confederations of nobles revived the anarchy which Stephen had smothered; and the foolish King, whilst striving after more dominions, neglected the interests of the nation already committed to his charge.

Sigismund's son, Ladislaus, succeeded him; and by energetic campaigns against the Turks, Russians and Swedes, redeemed his country's reputation, and restored to its territory the rich provinces which his father had been compelled to alienate. But his treatment of the Cossacks was impolitic in the extreme, and led to most disastrous consequences. These uncouth warriors were warmly attached to the Greek faith; a fact which greatly scandalized the spiritual advisers of the orthodox King, who strove by establishing military stations in their midst, to awe them into apostacy. But the brutal conduct of the Polish officers served only to exasperate the fierce dwellers of the Ukraine, who, at last, broke out into a rebellion, in which the wrongs they had suffered were revenged with rapidity and energy. In the midst of the terror and confusion caused by their incursions, the death of the King gave hopes of a change of policy and a more liberal ruler.

But John Casimir, the younger brother of Ladislaus, who combined the titles of King and Cardinal, blindly continued the oppression of the Cossacks, who, under their chief, Chmielnicki, defeated the royal troops, and extorted a treaty which secured them in the free exercise of their religion. This compact was perfidiously broken by the Poles, and another campaign ensued, in which the Cossacks were defeated. Despairing of maintaining their independence, or of obtaining justice from the Polish diet, they appealed, and not in vain, to the Czar Alexius for assistance. Thus did the folly of John Casimir transform faithful allies into bitter enemies; and thus did Alexius secure for his nation the means whereby it has been able to rejoice over the destruction of the Polish kingdom. Whilst the Russians and Cossacks were besieging Smolensko, the troops of of Charles X. of Sweden took possession of the city of Warsaw, whence the Cardinal King had ignominiously fled. The success of the Swedish monarch was due principally to the treachery of the Polish nobles, but they soon finding that they had but obtained a new triumph, flocked again to the standard of Casimir, who in Silesia was awaiting a reversion of popular enthusiasm in his favor. Charles, deserted by his Russian and Lithuanian allies, returned to his own kingdom, and Casimir having re-entered Warsaw, was willing to treat for peace. Livonia was again relinquished to Sweden, whilst the Czar obtained Smolensko, Kiow and Silveria. The Cossacks were soon afterwards declared to be equally subject to Poland and Russia, and were to defend both nations against the Turks. This treaty also regulated the title of Charles in the following language:—"And after the words Great Prince of Finland, three *et ceteras* shall be affixed to the title of most serene King of Sweden."

Conscious of his own imbecility and unpopularity, Casimir ended his reign by resigning his sceptre, and passed the remnant of his life in the abbey of St. Germains in France; where in the composition of Latin poems, said to be far from despicable, he found a consolation for his degradation. He was a weak and licentious King, and wore the crown with as little dignity as he did his cardinal's hat. During his reign the partition of Poland was first agitated by the powers who afterwards consummated their designs; and the *liberum veto* which had always had the force of custom, now received the formal sanction of the diet.

Notwithstanding the energy with which the Prince of Conde and the Duke of Lorraine urged their claims to the suffrages of the diet, that body, owing to the influence of the inferior nobility, elected Michael Wiecnowiecki, a Polish gentleman in whose veins flowed the blood of the Jagellons. He was very unfitted for the regal position, and accepted it with great reluctance. John Sobieski, the chief military celebrity of the country, discontented with the choice of the diet, intrigued with Louis XIV. for the purpose of curbing, by his assistance, the "plebian nobility." The dissensions thus fostered, so weakened the state that the Turks over ran Gallicia, and compelled the King to a disgraceful peace, whereby he agreed to pay an annual tribute to the Ottoman government. This compact was denounced by the aristocratic, but supported by the popular party. Sobieski being summoned to Warsaw to answer the accusation of treason, marched thither with a devoted army, and having obtained possession of the King's person, administered the affairs of the state in his name. In 1673, he defeated, at Chocim, a Turkish army which had invaded the country to enforce the payment of the stipulated tribute. Michael dying soon after, Sobieski was proclaimed King in May, 1674.

This great Prince was born in 1629. In the musketeers of Louis XIII. he first acquired a knowledge of the military art. Called home to the service of his native state, he soon exhibited all the qualities of a great commander, and his exploits during the reigns of Casimir and Michael maintained the dignity of Poland. But not all his military genius could counterbalance the weakness of the royal administrations, and the jealousy of the monarchs thwarted their general's best conceived projects. From the time, however, that Sobieski entered Warsaw he was the real King of Poland, and the crown he received at the death of Wiecnowiecki might adorn but it could not aggrandize his power.

After the pageantry of the coronation was over, Sobieski once more took the field against the Turks. On the bank of the Dniester, with his communications severed, disdaining to accept the humiliating conditions which Ibrahim offered, the Polish hero prepared to attack, with his little band, two hundred thousand of the flower of the Turkish army. But dissensions demoralized Ibrahim's army, and that officer fearing the skill of Sobieski, again made proposals for a cessation of hostilities. A treaty ensued by which Podolia, except Kamienirc, and two thirds of the Ukraine were restored to the Polish kingdom. For five years Poland was at peace, but the intrigues of the court and religious bickerings prevented the King from enjoying this season of repose, and, therefore, he responded with alacrity to a call which summoned him once more to draw his sword against the Infidels, who had invaded Hungary, and were besieging Vienna, which was bravely defended by the Duke of Lorraine and Count Starombourg. The eyes of Europe were turned on Sobieski, who was diligently organizing an army of seventy thousand men, sufficient in his opinion to defeat the largest force that the Ottoman government could send against him. In the meantime the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, trusting to the reported infirmities of Sobieski, sat down with confidence before the city, and in his luxurious pavillion patiently awaited the time when its walls should be battered to pieces by his artillery. But the sudden appearance of the Polish army on the neighboring heights dispelled the Vizier's confidence and apathy. In vain did he endeavor to remedy his mistake, for even in the hour of conflict he miscalculated the enemy's numbers, and it was not until he saw his cavalry routed, and his infantry out-flanked that he realized his true position. Then it was too late; the immense Turkish army, panic-stricken and disheartened, fled in in confusion from the field, leaving the victors in possession of their sumptuous camp. This result so fortunate for Christendom may be ascribed to the activity of Sobieski, the stupidity of Kara Mustapha, and the disaffection of many of the Turkish officers, including the illustrious Ibrahim.

Sobieski made a triumphal entry into Vienna, and whilst the air yet resounded with the acclamations of the populace, the Emperor Leopold, who during the crisis had exhibited none of the virtues which became one to whom the destinies of a great Empire are confided, amidst the ill-disguised contempt of his subjects reseated himself on the throne from whence he had lately fled. His jealousy towards the deliverer of his people was another mark of the littleness of his soul, and well nigh caused the return of Sobieski to Poland. The latter, however, continued to prosecute the war with vigor, and the Grand Vizier retired in despair from Hungary. The tidings of the successful termination of this campaign were received with great enthusiasm throughout Europe, though the potentates affected to ascribe the glory to the prayers of Innocent II. It remained for history to do justice to Sobieski's great achievement.

The remainder of Sobieski's reign was productive of but little pleasure to himself or glory to the nation. Difficulties with the Senate, outbreaks in Lithuania, and continual religious disputes embittered the declining years of his life; from which his only relief was in occasional incursions against his old adversaries the Turks. "The 17th of June, 1696," says Fletcher, "was his last day of trouble. He revived a few moments from his insensibility, only to regret that he was alive again. 'I was then well,' said he; a sad confession of misguided heroism, effete renown, and disappointed ambition."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

READING.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

☞ When Washington was about to visit Portsmouth, New Hampshire, after being elected President, it became a question with the town authorities by what title they should address him in his public reception, and in their doubts applied to the Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D., for advice, which he gave them in the following lines:—

Fame spread her wings and loud her trumpet blew,
Great Washington is near! What praise is due?
"What title shall he have?" She paused and said:
"Not one! His name strikes every title dead!"

☞ A young school teacher at Becket, Massachusetts, having indulged in the pleasant practice of kissing his young lady pupils in open school, the school committee, in their annual report, mildly remarked that this is "an exercise not recognized by our common school regulations."

☞ There is such an immense difference between the man who has his fortune all made and the one who has it to make, that they are not two beings of the same kind.

☞ Man's power culminates in command and in majesty; but woman's in supplication and in tears.

☞ Colonel Rust, of the 8th Maine, in his report of the evacuation of Jacksonville, says a portion of the fires were undoubtedly set by secessionists, that only twenty five buildings were destroyed, and that those burned by our forces were destroyed from military necessity. So it will be seen the accounts of outrages by our troops at Jacksonville have been greatly exaggerated.

☞ The wife of a member of the rebel Congress writes that her dear little boy "already spits at the Yankee pictures, and makes wry faces at old Abe's picture."—What a touching illustration of the "superior breed."

HOW WATER BOILS.

Let any one open a work on Chemistry, and turn to the subject of Ebullition, or let him consult any work on the steam engine, and he will find the boiling of water described substantially as follows:

On applying heat beneath the vessel of glass or metal containing the water, the particles of this latter nearest the fire expand and rise, and their place is taken by the cold water descending from the surface along the sides of the vessel, so that a sort of circulation is thus created in the mass of the water, which continues until the whole has attained the boiling point, when steam begins to be formed, which escapes into the air or is confined above the water if the vessel be closed.

This description would be accepted by almost every one as true. It is, however, very remarkable, that so common a process as the boiling of water should be so incorrectly described. Scarcely one detail of the above is strictly accurate. There is no circulation in any such way as above narrated. Steam is formed from the very first moment heat is applied, and steam exists below the surface of the water, as well as above.

Whoever will see how water boils, let him put a gallon of distilled and perfectly pure water, free from air, specks or motes of any kind, into a perfectly clean glass vessel, and apply heat so as to heat equally every part of the bottom. A wavy appearance soon fills the whole mass, without any sign of circulation, and a thermometer previously placed in the water indicates the same temperature throughout—sides, top and bottom. This wavy appearance continues until the temperature reaches 212 degrees, and indeed much higher, without any appearance of ebullition; 220 degrees even may be attained before it begins to boil, if the above conditions are strictly fulfilled.—While at any point above 212 degrees, let a feather be dipped into the quiescent mass, or any other substance having a considerable surface, as bread or sand. The ebullition becomes instantly so violent as to amount to almost an explosion. If the vessel be shaken, a similar result takes place. How different is this from any description of the boiling of water as found in the books, and how much food for reflection is to be found in these few lines.

Who does not see in this description a striking similarity between water charged with carbonic acid gas—soda water—and water charged with steam—boiling water? Take a bottle of soda water, shake it, and the cork will fly into the air; stir it with bread or a feather, and, though apparently stale, it will at once begin to foam. The same is true of champagne or beer; and this remark might be extended to other liquids and other gases.

Considering boiling water, then, to be water charged with steam, in the same manner that it may be charged with other gases, a great many consequences of great practical importance will follow, of which we will mention only one. It is this: steam boiler explosions may take place at any stage of the water in the boiler! and are as likely to take place when the boiler is full as when nearly empty! It is more than probable that the numerous explosions taking place immediately on starting the engine are not due to deficiency of water in the boiler; and that many a conscientious and capable engineer has gone to his grave, followed by the regrets of his friends and reproaches of the public, for having, by neglect, allowed the water to get too low in the boilers, who had been guilty of no fault or carelessness whatsoever. He simply did not know, as very few now know, that any considerable agitation in the boiler of the water surcharged with steam, will cause the whole steam already formed and existing as a gas in the water, to be suddenly given off, as a cork will fly from a bottle of champagne on shaking it. And this agitation may be produced by the commonest causes, such as suddenly relieving the pressure on the surface by opening the safety-valve, or starting the engine, or pumping in cold water. Nay, it is easy to see that the fuller the boiler is of water, the more danger there may be of explosion, since, in this case, there will be an accumulation of a greater amount of steam in the water, and a small space above it to receive it, when it escapes or is jarred out.

☞ To be thankful to God is not to say "God be praised," or "God be thanked;" but to remember what He desires, and execute what He commands. To be thankful to God, is certainly to love Him, and to love Him is to keep His commandments; so saith our Saviour (John xiv. 15)—"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."—*Chillingworth.*

☞ A woman's mission, as the word goes, is to make home happy; a man's to find the means wherewith she may do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all true labor. From her must come those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage starred over with jessamine, a palace of contentment.

The wounds that pain and grief have made
Are seldom cured by laughter;
Who has not felt the dreadful blade
As deep the moment after?
But pity from the lips we love,
Is Friendship's best endeavor;
And, like the rain drop from above,
Makes all look fresh as ever.

☞ The way Cockneys exasperate the "H," where the letter isn't wanted, and silence it where it has a right to speak, has furnished many comical verbal jumbles; but we have heard none better (or worse) than that of an English sportsman living not a hundred miles from Boston, who, speaking of a proposed summer shooting and trapping excursion, announced that he was going into the backwoods "to 'unt hotter when it was 'otter!"

☞ How the blessings of civilization do ramify themselves, to be sure. In London, for instance, you can have a private electric telegraph wire put up between your own house and that of a friend or relative, at any distance apart.

WARNING.

Wind the clock—it striketh ten;
Heed the alarum—fools and sages!
Clicking out the lives of men—
Marching down the road of Ages.

Soon the "eleventh hour" will chime,
Stilling all the wheels of men—
Lay new hold of Life and Time—
Wind the clock—it striketh ten!

☞ A young lady being asked by a politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

☞ Affectionate intercourse with the young is a considerable help against the too rapid invasions of old age. A gentleman of my acquaintance is accustomed to repeat the saying of a distinguished man, "If you would avoid growing old associate with the young," assigning as a reason that the old are so apt to increase their own and each other's infirmities by talking them over; while the cheerfulness of the young will do something to enliven the failing spirits of our declining years. There is sense and wisdom in the rule thus suggested.

☞ When it is intended to ascend five or six miles high, a balloon is made but little more than one-half full; because the gas expands to double its bulk at three and three-quarters miles high, and to three times its bulk at five or six miles; to fill the balloon before starting would therefore be to waste gas, and possibly annoy the occupants of the car by its escape from expansion at the neck of the balloon.

☞ The Roman orator Cicero was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the first of your line," said the railer; "and you," rejoined Cicero, "are the last of yours."

☞ A man who sees a heron streaming through the tranquil summer sky and only wishes for his gun, or who sees the beautiful bound of a deer in the woods, with no other wish than that of killing it, does not show his manhood in those wishes. The bravest and most robust manhood does not imply nor require the least wanton cruelty. It is not necessarily developed nor proved either by sticking pins into grasshoppers or firing shot into deer.

☞ Gossiping and tattling arise not so much from actual malevolence as from a peculiar restlessness, common to uncultivated minds. Enlarge the stock of knowledge and we remove all desire for communicating such trifles as are retailed by gossip.—As a man who is really rich and has thousands would not wish to exhibit a few shillings, so a truly wise woman would feel no pleasure in dwelling upon or communicating matters of no importance.

☞ Go into a certain rubber store in New York, and you will find five hundred different articles made from that one staple—only a few years ago good for nothing but to rub out marks with and furnish active-jawed young persons something to chew.

☞ The following is a Spanish epitaph, upon a young girl who died broken hearted:

"She who lies beneath this stone,
Died of constancy alone;
Fear not t'approach, oh, passer by—
Of naught contagious did she die."

☞ An instrument of exceedingly delicate powers has been contrived and perfected, which measures the operations of mind itself—tells the exact time it takes for a sensation in the finger to reach the brain—two tenths of a second.

☞ The estate of the late Stephen A. Douglas, in Chicago, has been inventoried at seven hundred thousand dollars, but there are encumbrances upon it equal to its appraised value. The executors report that there is no personal property.

☞ God hears the heart without the words, but He never hears the words without the heart.

☞ A scientific writer tell us that at death the sense of hearing is the last which leaves the body.

☞ Soldiers in the service for "three years or during the war," are entitled to their discharge at the expiration of the three years.

☞ BIRTH.—Sure it is a boast as honorable to have those capacities which are necessary for the foundation of a family, as to be descended from one who possessed them some centuries before.

☞ A certain learned Judge being asked what he would do if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay him—"Rather than bring an action with its costs and uncertainty," said he, "I would send him a receipt in full of all demands. Ay," said he, recollecting himself, "and I would moreover send him five pounds to cover all possible costs."

☞ There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.

☞ A recent traveller says:—"I was in Madrid three weeks, and I assure you I fell in love twenty-eight times with the same man's wife; but then, you see, she disguised herself so completely by changing her manner of opening and shutting and waving her fan, that I could not for the life of me tell her day by day for the same woman. She annoyed me so by her fan manœuvering that it helped to get me out of Madrid in the end."

☞ A country exchange says—"A new article of gin is manufactured in New York that must be kept in bottles. It will eat itself out of barrels in fifteen minutes."

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Despatches from General Hooker have been received by the President.

He has successfully crossed the Rappahannock, and has severed the communications of the enemy between Bowling Green and Hanover Court House.

The main body of Hooker's army crossed first below Falmouth. About 30,000 crossed above Falmouth under Gen. Slocum, who made a detour of the enemy's position, and captured some fifteen hundred rebels.

It is said that our communications with Gen. Stoneman have been cut off by guerrilla bands between Warrenton Junction and Bull Run, but will soon be reinstated.

Gen. Hooker hopes to capture all of the rebel forces north of the Pamunkey river, and will probably move forward to the [illegible] of his present position.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, April 30.—General Orders No. 47.—It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.

The operations of the fifth, eleventh and twelfth corps have been a succession of splendid achievements. By command of

(Signed) Major-General HOOKER.

S. Williams, Adjutant.

The following statement is derived from gentlemen who left the Rappahannock on Saturday:

They confirm the statement already published, that our army has crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers with less opposition than was anticipated by the most sanguine.

The rebels massed a considerable force on their front on Thursday, and at midnight there was some artillery practice between our and the rebel guns at long range.

As soon as the rebels learned on Wednesday that our forces had crossed above Fredericksburg, they commenced moving troops to intercept the advance, and continued it all night, and the following day.

Trains were constantly running with troops from Richmond, and the enemy had concentrated all their available troops around Fredericksburg.

The latest news from Chancellorville, about ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg, now occupied by our forces, is that Gen. Stoneman's cavalry force had cut the railroad leading to Richmond. This is stated on the assertion of a gentleman connected with the civil department of the government, who arrived at Washington on Saturday morning.

There is no doubt of the fact that our army was at last accounts in the most cheerful and hopeful condition, and the congratulatory address, issued by Gen. Hooker to the army on Thursday, had inspired it with a determination to succeed. The rebels will have to fight Hooker on a battle-field selected by himself, or to surrender.

It is understood that a strong diversion has been made from Suffolk, in the direction of Richmond.

Excitement at Wheeling.

Despatches from Wheeling represent great excitement there. It was reported that a rebel force of 10,000 men were at Mannington, about sixty miles this side of Wheeling, and moving on that city.

At Grafton, there was confidence felt that no rebels were beyond Fairmount, and those that had been there were moving as rapidly as possible from the line of the road. Their presence at Bridgeport was certainly known, and Gen. Kenly was in pursuit of them.

Miscellaneous.

By the arrival of the steamer George Cromwell we have New Orleans dates to the 26th ult. It was reported on that day that General Banks had taken the town of Alexandria, about fifty miles north of Opelousas, and the same distance southwest of Natchez.

Rebel papers say that our forces captured at Grand Lake, Louisiana, over one thousand prisoners, two rams, four transports, and three gunboats. The Union army has also captured the town of Mayhew, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, about eighteen miles from Columbus, Miss. The rebels fear that this movement portends danger to their whole railroad system.

A rebel force was capitulated to one of our gunboats on the Atchafalaya 80 miles north of Buttee la Rose.

It is believed that there are few or no obstructions in the Big Black river which will prevent the upward passage of Gen. Grant's army. On the 20th of April the Union army occupied Senatobia and cut the telegraph line at Sardis.

General Carter crossed the Cumberland river on Friday last, and attacked the rebels at Monticello and drove them from the town.

A battle appears to be imminent between the forces under Gen. Bragg and those under Rosecrans, the former advancing day by day towards Murfreesboro'.

There was no confirmation of the taking of Puebla by the French when the last steamer left Havana.

☞ If a husband and wife are a fast couple, there is danger in their cases, as in a fast team, that the coupling will break.

☞ If a hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey it will yield us bees.

☞ A sloop-of-war is a vessel rigged either as a ship, brig, or schooner, and mounting between eighteen and thirty-two guns.

☞ The muscles which close the hand are more powerful than those which open it.

☞ Girls and boys have too great a fondness for unripe fruit—especially that which grows upon the tree of love.

☞ A map of China, made one thousand years before Christ, is still in existence.

☞ Noah's ark was 546 feet long, 91 broad, and 54 feet high.

☞ When the brother middies of Prince Alfred heard that he was elected King of Greece they crowned him with a tin crown having lighted candles stuck on each point—a very fitting coronation for a monarch of Grease.

FAMILY GATHERING.

Yes, they all came home together
To the old house on the farm,
Fathers, mothers, little children;
But the day had lost a charm.
Oh, the places round the fireside!
Places that the stranger fills;
Oh, the cold and dreary north-wind
Round the graves at Malvern Hills.

Out upon the bleak, brown hillside
Where the restless pine-trees moan
One is lying in their shadow,
Through this autumn night alone.
With his soldier cloak around him
He is resting from the strife;
But we could not smooth his pillow,
Could not cheer the parting life.

One more, wounded at Antietam,
In his boyhood stricken down—
Clay-cold cheek, and brow of marble
Resting on its laurel crown,
Slowly, tenderly they brought him
In New England soil to rest,
So we wreathed the white immortals,
And we laid them on his breast.

Hark! the chime of soft sweet voices,
Music ringing through the hall;
But a sound no tongue can utter,
Murmurs through its rise and fall,
Like the far-off noise of armies,
Like the hollow roll of drums;
From that dim, blue line of waters,
Sadly, plaintively it comes.

Blind and foolish, we who murmur;
Holy, powerful and calm,
God is guiding on the people,
Though we may not feel his arm.
Something clearer than the starlight
Sleeps upon those quiet graves;
Glows above the blue Potomac,
Shines upon its storied waves.

In their watches on the mountains,
They have seen his rising star,
They have looked upon his beauty,
He is with them where they are.
So we kept a glad Thanksgiving
In this year of grief and care,
And we heard their spirit-voices,
When we said our evening prayer.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RUFUS HARE.

Skin, like satin, with a delicate blush in cheek and lip; dark, blue eyes, liquid as violets after a shower; a sweet, mobile mouth; masses of sunny hair looped away with orange blossoms, and shining where the light touched it, like burnished gold—there was not in the whole Academy, (albeit an Opera night,) another face as bewilderingly lovely as that. Nor as *recherche* a toilette. She sat nearly opposite to us; a creamy opera-cloak about her shoulders, a robe of royal purple, heavily embroidered, flowing over the velvet seat. One small hand in its delicate glove rested upon the cushion, the diamonds on its wrist flashing and trembling in the light, like dew upon a lily; the other swayed a curious fan slowly to and fro, every fluctuation stirring the soft hair upon her temples and the lace about her white throat.

"Who is she? Do you know her?" I asked Melodius Silverstring, who sat beside me busy with his opera glass.

He nodded and laughed:

"You have heard me speak of the beauty of Constance Willing—have I exaggerated, do you think?"

I was silent. The admiration I felt could not be put into words, least of all to my companion.

"Who are those people with her?"

"The dowager on her left, in black satin and guipure, is her mother; the stout gentleman to the right, with the bald head and the Dogberry nose, her— By Jove! what a pretty face!" cried the volatile Melodius, distracted by a fresh shoal of opera-cloaks.

"Her father, I suppose," suggested I, as a gentle reminder.

"Ah! beg pardon, the stout gentleman, you mean—that's her husband (don't gape, it isn't becoming) her husband, Ingersoll Goldecken, Esq., one of the richest brokers of Third Street. Did you not hear of the wedding? Miss Kilmansegg's wasn't a circumstance to it."

"Beauty and the Beast?" grumbled I. "Why, she is a mere child, and he—"

"Make room, boys," interrupted a familiar voice, and our friend, Capt. Fred Rivers, dropped down among us.

"How are you, Silverstring? How are you, Rufus? Full house, this, for war-times, eh? The Germans make a better fist at it than the Italians."

"When did you get up, Fred?" said I.

"Left Washington yesterday—after some deserters. Didn't expect to stop this long, but I touched at your rooms as I was passing, and '*Der Freischutz*' tempted me. Is Johannsen as fine as—Hold on!" and Fred snatched at Silverstring's opera-glass, "Isn't that Constance Willing? Jupiter Tonans! but she is glorious! and old Moneybags is the foil. Well, well!" said Fred, dropping the glass and stroking his blonde moustache dreamily, "what a green world it is, after all! One, stiff and cold in the squalid bed of an hospital; the other, braving it out, bright-haired and blooming, in diamonds and an opera-cloak."

"You rave, man," said I.

"I wish I did. You remember Harry Singleton, boys?"

Of course we did.

"He is dead," said Fred, looking gloomily at the stage.

Melodius was annoyed. He was a flippant butterfly, darting up and down only the gay gardens of life. There might be deserts, there might be dark, sombre spots, there might be destitution and misery and even death somewhere, but *he* didn't want to hear of it. What was it to *him*? What, indeed? He shivered and fell off to the companionship of an opera-cloak close by.

Fred was too preoccupied to notice his defection.

"Yes, Harry Singleton is dead," he repeated, slowly, "and that woman over there"—glancing at the beautiful, smiling face,—"Constance Willing, Mrs. Ingersoll Goldecken, if she likes that better, is his murderess in the sight of God!"

"Those are harsh words, Fred."

"Not harsher than she deserves, Heaven knows!" he ejaculated, warmly.

"What do *you* know about her?"

"This much: that Singleton trusted her and she deceived him; that he had as noble a heart as ever beat in a man's breast, and she tossed it aside, when it suited her, as if it had been a soiled glove or a broken fan. It was *she* drove him into the army."

"I was surprised, I must confess, when I heard of his commission."

"Every body was surprised. Singleton was an artist, a Bohemian, no more fitted for military life than an angel is fit for a scavenger. It was the death of him. They called it a brain fever. I call it a broken heart. What more could she do?"

"Might you not have misunderstood? She is so fair, so young, so innocent-looking."

"Whited sepulchres!" was the contemptuous return. "I have no patience or pity for a mercenary woman."

"Hush! she is nodding this way—is it to you?"

Fred looked up, and returned it gravely. How eager Mrs. Goldecken looked, and how her lovely face flushed under his gaze! Just then the curtain fell upon the second act. A number of gentlemen strolled into the lobbies: the bald-headed broker among the rest.

Mrs. Willing was engrossed with some elderly ladies who had just entered the box: and Constance sat alone in the front, playing nervously with the tassels of her cloak. She glanced quickly about her, and then bending forward, made an almost imperceptible gesture.

Fred stood up reluctantly:

"She wants me—I must go to her," he muttered between his teeth; "and I'd rather face a battery."

"Have some pity on her," I whispered, as he strode off.

In a few moments I saw him enter the box. Mamma Willing saluted him cordially—he was a handsome fellow, and of unexceptionable family. They offered him a seat among the dowagers, but he bowed and crossed over to Constance. I was surprised to see how calmly she greeted him. The flush had subsided, the leisurely swaying of the fan was resumed. She looked up at him as he leant over her chair, brilliant, bright-eyed and self-collected, and seemed to talk commonplaces. With his feelings in the matter, mentally contrasting, no doubt, the dead with the living, this indifference, assumed or otherwise, could not but be galling to him. He gave one glance at me, his lips compressed, his eye flashing, then bending over her and whispering, apparently but a few words, he turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared.

The young bride sat still a moment. Her head was thrown back, her face as white as death, still listening, her glittering eyes wandering vacantly over the crowded house. Then she got up, tottering, took a step or two, groping blindly before her with her outstretched hands, and—fell.

There was a frightened stir among the ladies in the box, and I could see them crowd about her, bending down and fanning; then Goldecken and one of the ushers coming in, the motionless figure, with its rich dress flowing, and its sunny head drooping like a broken flower, was lifted and carried slowly out, leaving the box empty.

Of course the adjacent seats stared; but the footlights flashed up again, the orchestra sounded, and the curtain rising upon the midnight interview between Samuel and Caspar; the grim owl, the death-heads and the mysterious bullets soon distracted the volatile public.

Fred Rivers came round and laid a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"I promised to sup with Silverstring to-night," he said, quickly, "but you must make my excuses. I couldn't go it now."

"What have you done, Fred?" I asked, glancing towards the empty box.

His eye followed mine: he started in surprise.

"What has become of her?"

"Fainted, and was taken out. That was *your* work, Hotspur."

"Come out of this," said Fred, hurriedly, "it is stifling."

A little group was on the pavement, and a carriage drove slowly away as we ran down the steps.

"Anything wrong?" we asked a lounger.

"A lady fainted, Goldecken's wife, the rich broker who—"

"That will do," said Fred, shortly: adding, as we walked on, "I didn't give her credit for that much feeling."

"You should not have tested her so publicly. What did you say to her?"

Fred burst out hotly:

"Were you watching her? Did you see how cool she was, in her 'purple and fine linen,' her diamonds and her indifference, fanning herself like a lazy Queen, when the very sight of a uniform should have pierced her like an arrow. *Per Baccho!* I could not stand it.

"'What news from the South, Captain Rivers?' said she, smiling.

"'News, madam,' returned I, slowly, 'I have but one piece of news for *you*. Harry Singleton is dead, and *you* have killed him.'

"With that I left her."

And with that he left me likewise: for with an abrupt "Good-night," he turned into the depot, and I saw no more of him for a month. Then it was in Washington. We were breakfasting at Willard's, a party of us, Melodius Silverstring among the rest.

Silverstring had the morning paper, reading aloud occasional tit-bits, fluttering through the news in his butterfly fashion.

All of a sudden he halted, with a dismal whistle.

I was leaning over his shoulder, and saw it before he read it.

"On the 15th, at Goldecken Villa, of brain fever, Constance Willing, beloved wife of Ingersoll Goldecken, Esq., in the 20th year of her age."

Fred Rivers snatched at the paper and read it again, biting his lips nervously and looking unusually flushed.

"Guess whom I met at the Capitol just now, boys?" cried a young officer, flashing in.

"Who was it?" questioned half-a-dozen.

"Captain Harry Singleton, no less," said the new comer, with emphasis.

"What!" roared Fred Rivers, springing to his feet, "what! Singleton! Harry Singleton! Why, you fool, Captain Harry Singleton has been in his grave for a month."

The words "you fool" were enough. The young officer darted at him, like a tiger, swords were drawn, and deadly combat would have resulted if Singleton himself had not at that moment walked in.

There was no disputing his identity. A trifle paler, a trifle thinner than of old, it was still our friend Singleton, and no one else.

I never in my life saw a man so staggered as Rivers. He was ghastly pale when he faced round upon Harry, clutching his hand, like a vice.

"Is it you or your ghost?" he cried, eagerly. "They said you died of a fever."

"I was low enough with it, to be sure," was Singleton's answer, "but the report ran ahead of the truth."

"As true as I breathe, Harry," he muttered, hoarsely, "I thought you were dead or I never would have told her—"

He broke off abruptly and quitted the room. Singleton looked after him in surprise; but it was not long before he understood it all.

As for Fred, the man was never himself after that hour. His eyes got to be sunken, his cheeks fell into great hollows, and his uniform hung upon him. He only spoke to me of the dead girl once. That was on the eve of the second battle of Bull Run. I can see his face now with the evening sunlight on it.

"Poor little Constance! I dreamed I met her at the opera last night, but she had a shroud about her instead of an opera cloak, and her eyes fairly burned me. 'You were very harsh with me,' she said, 'and my untimely death cries against you!' Do you believe in presentiments, Rufus? Pshaw! of course you don't. Let's have a smoke."

The next day he went into action and never came out of it.

SEED TIME.

Now, by the rose's crimson heart,
And the robin's brooding wing,
There never dawned on the waiting earth
So full and fair a Spring!
For the splendor of uncounted Mays,
Through many a century fled,
Beams in the eyes of the latest born—
Heir of the lovely dead.

Oh, the odor of the opening leaves
Comes like a breath divine,
And the mountain air is a richer draught
Than Hebe's rosiest wine!
The dells are blue with violets;
And, over the garden wall,
At the lightest waft of the south wind,
The apple blossoms fall.

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor, and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined; or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Mr. Joshua Quedlingburg, R.A., drew well, painted with solidity, made a liberal use of handsome colors, and finished with great nicety. In regimentals, barristers' wigs, corporation robes, and parsonic cassocks, he was eminently successful. He was the first artist who made a marked feature of a cut orange and a silver standish, with a stick of bright-red sealing-wax in a tray; and caused the portraits even of Quakers to look splendid, by adding heavy gold fringes and tassels to the curtain behind the column. Josh Quedlingburg was a man who, above all things, knew what he was about.

In the first decade of the present century, Mr. Quedlingburg, R.A., was a very, very old gentleman, quite bald-headed, and almost as deaf as his illustrious, and now deceased, friend Sir Joshua; but with an eye and a hand that had lost little of their brightness and firmness. Mayors, recorders, town-clerks, colonels of militia, aldermen, City widows, bankers' wives, and heads of colleges, were his principal clients. He worked in a steady, mechanical way; receiving his money in advance, exacting a certain number of sittings, neither more nor less, from his customers, and employing two or three young men of talent in a back-room to fill-in his backgrounds, and work up his silver standishes and cut oranges.

The world, I think, was getting into its teens, and all the town were talking of the famous victory of Salamanca, won by the troops of Lord Wellington over those of the Corsican ogre, usurper, upstart, and Jacobin, Buonaparte,—as it was then the custom in true blue Church-and-State circles to call Napoleon the Great,—when one morning Cæsar, Mr. Quedlingburg's black footman—announced a lady, desirous of seeing the Academician in private. Painters, like lawyers and doctors, need no written letters of introduction. The credentials which their clients bring with them are quite sufficient; for they are of gold. So old Mr. Quedlingburg, with whom business was rather slack just then, received his lady-visitor with his usual courtesy, and inclined his ear-trumpet favorably towards her.

She was a very handsome woman,—tall, erect, majestic, and just the least in the world leaning towards *embonpoint*. Her chin, like a wavering celibatarian, seemed scarcely to have made up its mind whether to be single or double, and had effected a temporary compromise by being rounded to exquisite plumpness. She had very beautiful chestnut hair and very flashing hazel eyes, and she was clad in the deepest, the most fashionable, and, of course, the most expensive mourning.

"Widow, now?" mused Mr. Quedlingburg to himself, as he nursed his knee, after rising to salute the lady, and scanned her out of the corner of his little gray eyes. "Wants to surprise number two with her portrait, perhaps. Double-baiting the hook, I call that. Husband's been dead a long time, though; no weeds."

"Sir," said the lady, raising her voice to sonorous pitch—for the Academician had warned her of his partial surdity—"I have come to you, as the most sensible and conscientious portrait-painter in London—"

The old gentleman bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"As a man totally destitute of imagination or fancy, and who degrades every poetical type presented to him into the most prosaic of realities, and yet to whose powers of conjuring up that which he has never seen I am about to appeal."

The Academician first winced, and then looked slightly hurt at the very uncompromising tone of the handsome lady's criticism, but ended by staring with amazement at the paradox she uttered.

"I have tried Beechey; I have tried Harlowe, Romney, Lawrence, Westall, and Mrs. Mee," the handsome lady went on; "and at last, and in despair I have come to you. What is your price for a full-length portrait, half life-size?"

"A hundred guineas, madam," answered the Academician, giving the lady a hansel of a new tariff he had just mentally resolved upon.

"You shall have two hundred, if the portrait pleases me."

"My rule is, always—" the painter was beginning.

"I am aware of it,—payment in advance. Here are two bank-bills, one for a hundred, the other for five pounds. The remaining hundred guineas shall be paid you on completion of the work."

"Your ladyship is too kind," the gratified artist said, slipping the crisp notes into his fob.

"I am no lady," his interlocutor, with sudden sharpness, exclaimed. "I am the most miserable woman in the world." And she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Mad, perhaps?" cogitated the painter; "or run away from her husband, or he from her? Lady Townley, or else Mrs. Haller."

"Are you willing to undertake the portrait?" the lady resumed, drying her eyes.

"Most certainly, madam. It is one of yourself, I presume."

"No, no, no," sobbed the lady, bursting into tears again, and wringing her hands. "There is no need to preserve the semblance of this wretched form. It is my son's portrait I am wishful for—my only, only, best-beloved son!"

"Alive or dead, ma'am?" asked the painter, rubbing his eyes, for the lady's manner was most heart-rending.

"He is dead."

"Doesn't matter at all, madam," the Academician soothingly observed. "In these terrible war-times, these little mementoes are often required from persons in my profession. Have you a cast of his face?"

"Alas, no! He fell, wrapping the colors of his regiment round his breast, at the battle of Salamanca."

"Well, we must get on as well as we can without it. No doubt you have plenty of miniatures, chalk-drawings, profiles cut in black paper, and the like."

"I have not one scrap or vestige of the limner's craft to give you as a guide; not even a lock of his hair; nothing beyond his beloved image engraven on my heart."

"Dear, dear me!" the painter interposed, with a puzzled air; "that does make the matter more difficult than I anticipated. Real working in the dark, indeed. What was he like, madam?"

"He was like *me*," the lady replied, with majestic calmness.

"Then he must have been a very handsome fellow—" Mr. Quedlingburg half said, when a haughty look from the lady checked him.

"In mien, in stature, in complexion, in feature, in expression, he was the image of his most unhappy mother," the lady continued; "but he was a hundred times nobler and gentler and comelier than she." And she wept with renewed bitterness.

Vouchsafing further explanations, Mr. Quedlingburg was informed that his defunct subject had been an ensign in a regiment of foot serving in the Peninsula; but the number of which in the *Army List* the lady declined to specify. It did not much matter. There were so many ensigns killed at the battle of Salamanca; and if the deceased were painted in the uniform of any regiment of the British Line, the purpose wished for, so said the lady, would be served.

In accordance with the instructions of his mysterious client, the Academician took a sketch of her features, and then set to work to transfer to canvas an embodiment of what the son of such a mother would probably be like. It was no very easy matter to transform a beautiful English matron—but one whose beauty was verging towards the *passee*—into an ensign in a marching regiment, and two-and-twenty years of age. But Mr. Quedlingburg was not a man to be discouraged by slight obstacles. He had a whole Lavater's physiognomy in his head. He tried, and tried again; altered, amended, adapted, erased; and at last succeeded in producing a drawing which, he flattered himself, would satisfy his patroness.

A week elapsed before she came again. She expressed herself as infinitely pleased with the progress he had made; but had numberless alterations and improvements to suggest. To a modest hint from the Academician that his time was valuable, she responded by telling him that she had ill calculated the trouble which such an undertaking must necessarily cause him; and that she should consider the work, on completion, as by no means overpaid at the price of two hundred and fifty guineas. As further earnest, she presented him with another bank-bill for fifty pounds. Mr Quedlingburg had never had so lucrative a commission in his life.

At the end of six visits she pronounced the outline of the features to be perfect, and then Mr. Quedlingburg went to work in real earnest to paint the portrait in oil. In consideration of the munificent honorarium he was to receive, he disdained to fill up the background with the ordinary column and curtain provided by his young men, and painted, in a most liberal *fond* of lurid smoke, which, with the tompion of a cannon, a bayonet stuck into the earth point upwards, and the legs of a recumbent French grenadier, furnished a sufficiently accurate representation, as times went, of the battle of Salamanca. His wardrobe-keeper, in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, furnished him with a complete uniform and equipments of a subaltern in the British infantry, and these were duly placed on a lay figure to be painted from. The lady took little notice of him while he was occupied with these accessories, and allowed him to bestow as much vermillion and yellow-ochre on the picture as ever he chose; but when he came to the face she watched every movement, and criticised every touch of his brush. She was evidently a lady with a will of her own, and a very strong one to boot; and all her criticisms were not complimentary.

Three times a week, for at least two months, the lady, by special arrangement with Mr. Quedlingburg, came to his studio in Great Ormond Street, and sat behind him as he painted. Too dark! too light! too heavy! Bear to the right! bear to the left!—were frequent exclamations on her part. If she was not a very artistic critic, she was certainly a most mathematical one. Sometimes, with her hands clasped before her, she would walk to and fro in the studio, softly singing to herself. At other times she would break into sobs and wailings, and with heart-broken accents dwell on the merits of her dead son; of how good, and brave, and tender, and true he was. And all this while Mr. Quedlingburg went on working steadily.

At last the portrait was finished. The lady seemed enchanted with it. She was too delighted to weep. She was radiant with smiles. She would have kissed the pictured semblance of her son's countenance, only Mr. Quedlingburg warned her that the surface was wet. She inquired what the price of the handsomest frame procurable would be; and, on the artist telling her that a really splendid one would cost twenty guineas, ordered it immediately. On the day when the picture, trimly varnished, and circled by its frame, had had the finishing touch, and the signature, "Quedlingburg, R.A." appended to it, she gazed at it for upwards of an hour with an expression of loving rapture. It had cost her two hundred and seventy guineas. She handed the balance of the money over to the artist, and exclaimed that she should feel eternally grateful to him; and giving one long look at the beloved portrait, and promising to send for it on the morrow, early, departed.

She always came and always went away on foot. She was to send on the morrow—early, mind; it was to be *early*.

She didn't send for her son's portrait on the morrow; she didn't send for it the next day, nor the next after that. The painter waited a week, a month, a year, and the picture was not sent for: it was never sent for at all. *The mysterious stranger never came again;* and when Mr. Quedlingburg died, at a very advanced age, late in the reign of George IV., the portrait of the ensign in the marching regiment, who was killed at the battle of Salamanca, still remained a tenant of his studio, its face turned to the wall, and covered with dust.

Was he ever killed at Salamanca, or at Vittoria, or at Badajos, or at Fuentes d'Onor—or at any other battle? Did he ever exist? Was the lady, who said she was his mother, seized with a fit, and did she die suddenly in the street? Was she murdered? or was she the Ephesian Matron's sister-in-law, and did she console herself with a fresh marriage, and forget all about the child of her first one? These questions are easier to ask than to answer; but I have no other way of solving the secret of Mr. Quedlingburg's strange Commission.

I have altered names and places; but the story, as it stands, is true.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—A correspondent of the Montreal Witness says—"Several weeks ago my house had become so overrun with cockroaches that I seriously intended leaving it for two or three nights, to give these pests the benefit of a good dose. I happened, however, to read in the Witness that powdered borax was a cure for them. It was tried and proved efficacious. Now and again a stray cockroach is seen, but certainly not one where there were hundreds before. Those that make their appearance have a sickly, attenuated look. Their air is so dispirited that the simile "lively as a roach" could never apply to them. The borax is used by sprinkling upon shelves and wherever the enemy "most do congregate." It is a safe remedy and one that deserves to be known."

SOILED CARPETS.—When soiled, carpets may be cleaned after beating, with the following mixture:—Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth.

TO WASH MUSLINS OF DOUBTFUL COLORS.—Take rice-water, and wash them quickly, without soap, until perfectly clean. If there is grease to be removed, or soil from the skin, rub the spots with the yolk of eggs, and wash it as though the egg was soap; rinse in hard water, and to the second rinsing add, to each gallon of water, forty drops of elixir of vitriol; strain the water, after adding the vitriol, that it may be thoroughly mixed through; wring dry; hang it in the shade, wrong side out, where it will get the air and dry quickly; fold as soon as sufficiently dry, and iron in two hours, on the wrong side.

PRINTS WITH FAST COLORS.—These should be washed in warm suds, and scalded, if the ground is white, by pouring boiling water over them, but if dark, the scalding should be omitted. Rinse thoroughly, and add a little starch to the last water, merely sufficient to give them a fresh look, without stiffening them. Iron as soon as possible, after being starched. Prints soon sour.

TO WASH DOUBTFUL COLORED PRINTS.—Prepare, before commencing, two tubs of suds, made of hard soap; throw in each a handful of salt; strain the suds, or bits of soap may come in contact with, and spot the print. Have three rinsing waters ready, in the last put forty drops to the gallon of elixir of vitriol, and a teaspoonful of dissolved gum-arabic to each gallon of hard water; strain the prepared water through a thick cloth. Look over the dress, and rub yolk of eggs instead of soap, on all grease spots, and wash them, in clear, warm water, until they are removed; after which, pass it through two suds, rinse in two waters, and lastly, in the water with the vitriol and gum; wring dry, hang in the shade, where it will quickly dry from wind, and press it on the wrong side.

A BRIDE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

This fair shape is your bride-to-be?
This white vision you claim as yours?
This is the household deity
You are to worship while life endures?

Surely a splendor so strange and new
Had in another sphere its birth—
How could a mortal man like you
Lure her down to this dull cold earth?

Lovely? yes—there is not a flaw
Her perfect fairness to cloud or spoil—
Nature for once has broken her law
And made a beauty without its foil.

Could threads of gold be as finely spun,
They might shine like her drifting hair—
And such a brow!—there was never one
Half so queenly or half so fair.

Eyes which fill us with tender pain,
So bewitching their mellow shine—
Winning all gazers again and again
To bow—in vain—at their lovely shrine.

Never were human lips before
So rarely moulded, in any land;
Never a shoulder such dimples bore—
And look at her dainty, peach-bloom hand!

Flushing with young life, pure and rich,
Warm and pink to the pearly nails—
The listening Venus in yonder niche
Tries to rival their charm—but fails.

Yet how pulseless and still she stands!
Never a blush is on her cheek—
Never a tremble along her hands—
Say, can she love, or weep, or speak?

Was she spoken at once to life,
Every dimple, and tint, and curl?
Always a possible queen or wife—
Never a babe, or a bashful girl?

Faultless all, in her beauteous prime—
Stately, regal, if so you will—
Yet were she mine, I could wish, sometime
Her lip to quiver, her hand to thrill.

She is perfection, and nothing less—
Beauty's perfection, and nothing more—
Looking on her, I only guess
What your future may have in store.

Garlands of flowers from lands abroad,
Marvels of artificial bloom—
Blossoms which never were in the bud,
Flaunt their falsehood in yonder room.

Petals of muslin and silken woof,
Leaves of paper and stems of wire—
Flowers more brilliant and sunshine-proof
Than ever sprung from our earthly mire.

Won by their flattering falsity,
(Mark the warning my words disclose—)
I found, this morning, a famished bee
Dead, in the heart of a cambric rose!

—Portland Transcript.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

The story which Richard Thornton had told Eleanor Vane was the simple record of an unhappy truth. The gay and thoughtless spendthrift, the man about town, who had outlived his age and spent three fortunes, had ended his life, by his own desperate hand, in an obscure *cafe* near the Barriere Saint Antoine.

Among other habits of the age in which George Vane had lived, gambling was pretty prevalent. Mr. Vane's sanguine nature was the very nature which leads a man to the gaming-table, and holds him there under the demoniac fascination of the fatal green cloth, hoping against hope, until his pockets are empty, and he must needs crawl dispirited away, having no more money to lose.

This was the one vice of George Vane's life. He had tried to redeem his every-day extravagances by the gamester's frenzied speculations, the gamester's subtle combinations, which are so infallible in theory, so ruinous in practice. Eleanor had never known this. If her father stayed out late at night, and she had to wait and watch for him through long, weary hours of suspense and anxiety, she never knew why he stayed, or why he was often so broken down and wretched when he came home. Other people could guess the reason of the old man's midnight absences from his shabby lodging, but they were too merciful to tell his little girl the truth. In Paris, in a strange city, where his acquaintance were few, the old vice grew stronger, and George Vane spent his nights in gambling for pitiful stakes in any low haunts to which his disreputable associates deluded him. He picked up strange acquaintance in these days of his decadence, as poor people very often do; young men who were wandering about the world, out at elbows, professionless young reprobates, getting a very doubtful living by the exercise of their wits, men who were content to flatter and pay court to the old beau so long as they could win a few francs from him to pay for the evening's diversion.

With such men George Vane had associated for a long time. They won pitiful sums of him, and cheated him without scruple; but his life was a very dull one, remember; he had lived for the world, and society of some kind or other was absolutely necessary to him. He clung, therefore, to these men, and was fain to accept their homage in the hour of his decline; and it was with such men as these he had spent the night before his death. It was such men as these who had robbed him of the money which, but for an unhappy accident, would have been safely handed over to the schoolmistress in the Bois de Boulogne.

The old man's death caused very little excitement in Paris. Public gambling-houses had been abolished by the order of the Government long before; and it was no longer a common thing for desperate men to scatter their brains upon the table on which they had just squandered their money; but still people knew very well that there was plenty of card-playing, and dice-throwing, and billiard-playing, always going on here and there in the brilliant city, and the suicide of a gambler more or less was not a thing to make any disturbance.

Mrs. Bannister wrote a stiffly-worded letter in reply to that in which Richard Thornton told her of her father's death, enclosing an order on Messrs. Blount for the sum she considered sufficient to pay for the old man's funeral, and to support Eleanor for a few weeks.

"I should advise her early return to England," the stockbroker's widow wrote, "and I will endeavor to find her some decent situation—as nursery governess or milliner's apprentice, perhaps—but she must remember that I expect her to support herself, and that she must not look to me for any further assistance. I have performed my duty to my father at a considerable loss to myself, but with his death all claim upon me ceases."

George Vane had been buried during the early days of his youngest daughter's illness. They placed him amongst a cluster of neglected graves, in a patch of ground upon the outskirts of Pere la Chaise, and Richard Thornton ordered a roughly-hewn cross from one of the stonemasons near the cemetery. So, far away from the lofty monuments of the Russian Princes and the Marshals of the First Empire; far away from Abelard and Heloise, and all the marble chapels in which devoted survivors pray for the souls of the beloved dead; in a desolate and unhallowed patch of weedy turf, where the bones of the departed were only suffered to rest peaceably for a given number of years, and were stirred up out of their coffins periodically to make room for new-comers, George Vane slept the last sleep.—He might have been buried as a nameless suicide but for the chance which had taken Richard Thornton to the Morgue, where he recognized Eleanor's father in the unknown dead man who had been last brought to that gloomy shelter; for he had had no papers which could give any clue to his identity about him at the time of his death.

Upon the morning after that quiet September afternoon on which Eleanor Vane had learned the true story of her father's death, Signora Picirillo for the first time spoke seriously of the future. In the intensity of her first great grief, Eleanor Vane had never once thought of the desolation of her position, nor yet of the sacrifices which the Signora and Richard were making for her sake. She never remembered that they were both lingering in Paris solely on her account; she only knew that they were there, and that she saw them daily, and that the sight of them, good and kind as they were, was pain and weariness to her, like the sight of everything else in the world.

She had been singularly quiet since the revelation made to her. After the first burst of passionate vehemence which had succeeded her perusal of her dead father's letter, her manner had grown almost unnaturally calm. She had sat all the evening apart near the window, and Richard had tried in vain to beguile her attention even for a moment. She kept silence, brooding upon the scrap of paper which lay in her bosom.

This morning she sat in a listless attitude, with her head resting on her hand. She took no heed of the Signora's busy movements from room to room. She made no effort to give her old friend any assistance in all the little household arrangements which took so long to complete, and when at last the music-mistress brought her needlework to the window, and sat down opposite the invalid, Eleanor looked up at her with a dull, weary gaze that struck despair to the good creature's heart.

"Nelly, my dear," the Signora said, briskly, "I want to have a little serious conversation with you."

"About what, dear Signora?"

"About the future, my love."

"The future!"

Eleanor Vane uttered the word almost as if it had been meaningless to her.

"Yes, my dear. You see even I can talk hopefully of the future, though I am an old woman; but you, who are only fifteen, have a long life before you, and it is time you began to look forward to it."

"I do look forward," Eleanor said, with a gloomy expression upon her face. "I do look forward to the future; and to meeting that man, the man who caused my father's death. How am I to find him, Signora? Help me in that. You have been kind to me in everything else. Only help me to do that and I will love you better than ever I have loved you yet."

The Signora shook her head. She was a light-hearted, energetic creature, who had borne very heavy burdens through a long life; but the burdens had not been able to crush her. Perhaps her unselfishness had upheld her throughout all her trials. She had thought and cared so much for other people, that she had had little time left for thinking of herself.

"My dear Eleanor," she said, gravely, "this will never do. You must not be influenced by that fatal letter. Your poor father had no right to lay the responsibility of his own act upon another man. If he chose to stake this unfortunate money upon the hazard of a pack of cards, and lost it, he had no right to charge this man with the consequences of his own folly."

"But the man cheated him!"

"As your father thought. People are very apt to fancy themselves cheated when they lose money."

"Papa would never have written so positively, if he had not *known* that the man cheated him. Besides, Richard says they were heard at high words; that was no doubt when my poor dear father accused this wretch of being a cheat. He and his companion were wicked, scheming, men, who had good reason to hide their names. They were pitiless wretches, who had no compassion upon the poor old man who trusted them and believed in their honor. Are *you* going to defend them, Signora Picirillo?"

"Defend them, Eleanor? no; they were bad men, I have no doubt. But, my darling child, you must not begin life with hatred and vengeance in your heart."

"Not hate the man who caused my father's death?" cried Eleanor Vane. "Do you think I shall ever cease to hate him, Signora? Do you think that I shall ever forget to pray that the day may come when he and I will stand face to face, and that he may be as helpless and as dependent upon my mercy as my father was on his? Heaven help him on that day! But I don't want to talk of this, Signora; what is the use of talking? I may be an old woman, perhaps, before I meet this man, but surely, surely I shall meet him sooner or later. If I only knew his name—if I only knew his name, I think I could trace him from one end of the earth to the other. Robert Lan— Lan— what?"

Her head sank forward on her breast, and her eyes fixed themselves dreamily on the sunlit street below the open window. The French poodle, Fido, lay at her feet, and lifted up his head every now and then to lick her hand. The animal had missed his master, and had wandered about the little room, sniffing on the thresholds of closed doors, and moaning dismally for several days after Mr. Vane's disappearance.

The Signora sighed as she watched Eleanor. What was she to do with this girl, who had taken a horrible vendetta upon herself at fifteen years of age, and who seemed as gloomily absorbed in her scheme of vengeance as any Corsican chieftain?

"My dear," the music-mistress said presently, with rather a sharp accent, "do you know that Richard and I will be compelled to leave Paris to-morrow?"

"Leave Paris to-morrow, Signora?"

"Yes. The Phœnix opens early in October, and our Dick will have all the scenes to paint for the new piece. Besides, there are my pupils; you know, my love, they cannot be kept together for ever unless I go back to them."

Eleanor Vane looked up with almost a bewildered expression, as if she had been trying to comprehend all that Signora Picirillo had said; then suddenly a light seemed to dawn upon her, and she rose from her chair and flung herself upon a carpeted hassock at the feet of her friend.

"Dear Signora," she said, clasping the music-mistress's hand in both her own, "how wicked and ungrateful I have been all this time? I forget everything but myself and my own trouble. You came over to Paris on my account. You told me so when I was ill, but I had forgotten, I had forgotten; and Richard has stopped in Paris because of me. Oh, what can I do to repay you both, what can I do?"

Eleanor hid her face upon the Signora's lap, and wept silently. Those tears did her good; they beguiled her for a little while, at least, from the one absorbing thought of her father's melancholy fate.

Signora Picirillo tenderly smoothed the soft ripples of auburn hair lying on her lap.

"My dear Eleanor, shall I tell you what you can do to make us both very happy, and to repay us tenfold for any little sacrifice we may have made on your account?"

"Yes, yes; tell me."

"You have to choose your pathway in life, Nelly, and to choose it quickly. In all the world you have only your half-sisters and brothers to whom you can appeal for assistance. You have some claim upon them, you know, dear, but I sometimes think you are too proud to avail yourself of that claim."

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a gesture of superb defiance.

"I would starve rather than accept a penny from Mrs. Bannister, or from her sister or brothers. If they had been different, my father would never have died as he did. He was deserted and abandoned by all the world, poor dear, except his helpless child, who could do nothing to save him."

"But if you don't mean to apply to Mrs. Bannister, what will you do, Nelly?"

Eleanor Vane shook her head hopelessly. The whole fabric of the future had been shattered by her father's desperate act. The simple dream of a life in which she was to have worked for that beloved father was over, and it seemed to Eleanor as if the future existed no longer; there was only the sad, desolate present,—a dreary spot in the great desert of life, bounded by a yawning grave.

"Why do you ask me what I mean to do, Signora?" she said piteously. "How does it matter what I do? Nothing I can do will bring my father back. I will stay in Paris, and get my living how I can, and look for the man who murdered my father."

"Eleanor," cried the Signora, "are you mad? How could you stay in Paris, when you don't know one living creature in the whole city? How, in mercy's name, could you get your living in this strange place?"

"I could be a nursery-governess or a nursery-maid; anything! What do I care how low I sink, if I can only stay here, where I am likely to meet that man?"

"Eleanor, my dear! For pity's sake do not delude yourself in this manner. The man you want to find is an adventurer, no doubt. In Paris one day, in London another, or away in America perhaps, or at the further extremity of the globe. Do you hope to find this man by walking about the streets of Paris?"

"I don't know."

"How do you expect to meet him?"

"I don't know."

"But, Eleanor, be reasonable. It is utterly impossible that you can remain in Paris. If Mrs. Bannister does not claim the right of exercising some authority over you, I claim it as your oldest friend. My dear, you will not refuse to listen to me, will you?"

"No, no, dear Signora. If you think I mustn't stay in Paris, I'll go back to England, to the Miss Bennetts. They'll give me fifteen pounds a-year as junior teacher. I may as well live with them, if I mustn't stay here. I must earn some money, I suppose, before I can even try to find the man who caused my father's death. How long it will be before I can earn anything worth speaking of!"

She sighed wearily, and fell again into a gloomy silence, from which the poodle vainly tried to arouse her by many affectionate devices.

"Then we may consider it settled, Nelly, my dear," the Signora said, cheerfully. "You will leave Paris to-morrow morning, with Richard and me. You can stay with us, my dear, till you've made up your mind what to do. We've a little spare room, which is only used now as a receptacle for empty boxes and Richard's painting litter. We'll fit it up for you, my darling, and make you as comfortable as we can."

"Dear, dear Signora!" said Eleanor, kneeling by her friend's chair. "How good you are to me. But while I have been ill there must have been a great deal of money spent; for the doctor, and the jelly, and fruit and lemonade you have given me—who found the money, Signora?"

"Your sister, Mrs. Bannister, my dear; she sent some money in answer to a letter from Richard."

Eleanor's face crimsoned suddenly, and the music-mistress understood the meaning of that angry flush.

"Richard didn't ask for any money, my love. He only wrote to tell your sister what had happened. She sent money for all necessary expenses. It is not all gone yet, Nelly; there will be enough to pay your journey back to England; and even then something left. I have kept an account of all that has been spent, and will give it to you when you like."

Eleanor looked down at her white morning-gown.

"Is there enough left to buy a black frock?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes, my darling. I have thought of that. I have had mourning made for you. The dressmaker took one of your muslin frocks for a pattern, so there was no occasion to trouble you about the business."

"How good you are to me, how very, very good!"

Eleanor Vane could only say this. As yet she only dimly felt how much she owed to these people, who were bound to her by no tie of relationship, and who yet stepped aside from their own difficult pathway to do her service in her sorrow. She could not learn to cling to them, and depend upon them yet. She had loved them long ago, in her father's lifetime; but now that he was dead, every link that had bound her to life, and love, and happiness, seemed suddenly severed, and she stood alone, groping blindly in the thick darkness of a new and dreary world, with only one light shining far away at the end of a wearisome and obscure pathway, and that a lurid and fatal star, that beckoned her onward to some unknown deed of hate and vengeance.

Heaven knows what vague scheme of retribution she cherished in her childish ignorance of the world. Perhaps she formed her ideas of life from the numerous novels she had read, in which the villain was always confounded in the last chapter, however triumphant he might be through two volumes and three-quarters of successful iniquity.

George Vane's sanguine and romantic visions of wealth and grandeur, of retaliation upon those who had neglected and forgotten him, had not been without effect upon the mind of his youngest daughter. That plastic mind had been entirely in the old man's hands, to mould in what form he pleased. Himself entirely the slave of impulse, it was not to be supposed that he could teach his daughter those sound principles without which man, like a rudderless vessel, floats hither and thither before every current in the sea of life. He suffered Eleanor's impulsive nature to have full sway; he put no curb upon the sanguine temperament which took everything in the extreme. As blindly as the girl loved her father, so blindly she was ready to hate those whom he called his enemies. To investigate the nature of the wrongs they had done him would have been to take their side in the quarrel. Reason and Love could not go hand-in-hand in Eleanor's creed; for the questions which Reason might ask would be so many treacheries against Love.

It is not to be wondered, then, that she held the few broken sentences written by her father, on the threshold of a shameful death, as a solemn and sacred trust not to be violated or lost sight of, though her future life should be sacrificed to the fulfilment of one purpose.

Such thoughts as these, indistinct, ignorant, and childish, perhaps, but not the less absorbing, filled her mind. It may be that this new purpose of revenge, enabled her the better to endure her loss. She had something to live for, at least. There was a light far away athwart the long gloomy pathway through an unknown world, and however lurid that guiding star might be, it was better than total darkness.

CHAPTER X.

HORTENSIA BANNISTER HOLDS OUT A HELPING HAND.

Signora Picirillo was very well contented with her morning's work. She had obtained Eleanor's consent to a speedy departure from Paris; that was the grand point. Once away from the scene of the terrible catastrophe of George Vane's death, the young girl's sunshiny nature would reassert itself, and little by little the great grief would be forgotten.

In all this dreary period of sickness and misery the good music-mistress had grown to love Mr. Vane's daughter even more than she had loved her long ago, when Eleanor's childish fingers had first stumbled slowly over the keys of the pianoforte, in a feeble endeavor to master the grand difficulties of Haydn's "Surprise."

The widow's life had been a very sorrowful one. Perhaps its most tranquil period had come within the last ten years. It was ten years since, her Italian husband and her children having one by one died, she had found herself alone in the world, with a gaunt, long-legged hobadahoy of eighteen, her dead sister's orphan son, for her sole protector.

This long-legged hobadahoy was Richard Thornton, the only child of the Signora's pretty younger sister and a dashing cavalry officer, who had married a penniless and obscure girl for the love of her pretty face, and had died within a couple of years of his marriage, leaving his widow to drag out the remnant of a fretful, helpless life in dependence upon her sister. The Signora had been used to carrying other people's burthens from a very early age. She was the eldest child of a clever violinist, who had been for twenty years leader of the orchestra in one of the principal London theatres; and from babyhood had been a brave-hearted, self-reliant creature. When her sister died, therefore, and with the last words upon her pale, tremulous lips prayed the Signora to protect the helpless boy, Richard Thornton, Eliza Picirillo freely accepted the charge, and promised to perform it faithfully. The poor faded beauty died with a smile upon her face, and when Signor Picirillo—who was a teacher of languages at a few suburban schools, and a lazy, good-tempered nonentity—came home that evening, he found that there was to be another member of his domestic circle, and another mouth to be fed henceforth.

The Signora's cruse of oil held out bravely, in spite of the demands upon it; and by-and-by, when the honest-hearted music-mistress would otherwise have been terribly desolate, there was Richard, a tall lad, ready to stand by her sturdily in the battle of life, and as devoted to her as the most affectionate of sons. The boy had shown considerable talent at a very early age, but it was a versatile kind of talent which did not promise ever to burst forth into the grander gift of genius. His aunt taught him music, and he taught himself painting, intending to be something in the way of Maclise or Turner by-and-by, and scraping together some of the shillings he earned with his violin in order to attend a dingy academy somewhere in Bloomsbury.

But the great historical subjects after Maclise—"The Death of the Bloody Boar at Bosworth," a grand battle scene, with a lurid sunset in the background, and Richmond's face and armor all ablaze with crimson lake and gamboge, from the flashing reflection of the blade, was the magnum opus which poor Dick fondly hoped to see in the Royal Academy—were not very saleable; and the Turneresque landscapes, nymphs and ruins, dryads and satyrs, dimly visible through yellow mist and rose-coloured fog, cost a great deal of time and money to produce, and were not easily convertible into ready cash. So, when Richard had gone the usual weary round among the picture-dealers, and had endured the usual heart-burnings and agonies which wait upon ambitious youth, he was glad to accept the brush flung aside by a scene-painter at the Phœnix, where Dick received a scanty salary as second violinist; a salary which was doubled when the young man practised the double duty of second violin and assistant scene-painter.

These simple people were the only friends of Eleanor Vane's childhood. They were ready to accept the responsibility of her future welfare now, when her rich sister would have sent her into the world, lonely and helpless, to sink to the abject drudgery which well-to-do people speak so complacently of, when they recommend their poor relations to get an honest living and trouble them no longer.

Richard Thornton was enraptured at the idea of taking this beautiful younger sister home with him, although that idea involved the necessity of working for her till she was able to do something for herself.

"Nothing could be better for us than all this sad business, aunty," the young scene-painter said when he called in the Rue l'Archeveque, and found his aunt alone in the little sitting-room. Eleanor was lying down after the morning's excitement, while her friend packed her slender wardrobe and made all preparations for departure. "Nothing could be better for us," the young man said. "Why, Nell's golden hair will light up the Pilasters with perpetual sunshine, and I shall always have a model for my subject-pictures. Then what a companion she'll be for you in the long dreary nights when I am away at the Phœnix, and how capitally she'll be able to help you with your pupils; for, of course, she plays and sings, like anything, by this time."

"But she wants to go back to the Miss Bennetts, the people at the Brixton school, Dick."

"But, Lord bless you, aunty, we won't let her go," cried Mr. Thornton; "we'll make a prima donna or a leading tragedy-actress, or something of that kind, of her. We'll teach her to make a hundred pounds a-week out of her white arms and her flashing gray eyes. How beautiful she looked last night when she was on her knees, vowing vengeance against that scoundrel who won her father's money, with her yellow hair all streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes flashing sparks of fire! Wouldn't she bring the house down, if she did that at the Phœnix? She's a wonderful girl, aunty; the sort of girl to set all London in a blaze some day, somehow or other. Miss Bennett's and Brixton, indeed!" cried Richard, snapping his fingers contemptuously, "you could no more chain that girl down to a governess's drudgery, than you could make a flash of forked lightning do duty for a farthing candle."

So Eleanor Vane went back to England with her friends. They chose the Dieppe and Brighton route for its economy; and over the same sunlit landscape upon which she had gazed so rapturously less than a month ago, Eleanor's eyes wandered now wearily and sadly, seeing nothing but desolation wherever they looked. She recognized swelling hills and broad patches of low verdure, winding glimpses of the river, far-away villages glimmering whitely in the distance, and she wondered at the change in herself which made all these things so different to her. What a child she had been a month ago; what a reckless, happy child, looking forward in foolish certainty to a long life with her father, ignorant of all sorrows except the petty troubles she had shared with him, ready to hope for anything in the boundless future, with a whole fairy-land of pleasure and delight spreading out before her eager feet!

Now she was a woman, alone in a horrible desert, over whose dreary sands she must crawl slowly and wearily to the end she hoped to reach.

She sat back in a corner of the second class carriage with her face hidden in a veil, and with the dog Fido curled up in her lap. Her father had been fond of the faithful creature, she remembered.

It was early in the gray bleakness of a September morning when the cab, carrying Eleanor and her friends, rattled under an archway leading out of Dudley Street, Bloomsbury, into the queer little retreat called the Pilasters. The grooms were already at work in the mews, and the neighborhood was enlivened by that hissing noise with which horses are generally beguiled during the trials of the equine toilet. The chimney-sweep had left his abode and was whooping dismally in Northumberland Square. Life began early in the Pilasters, and already the inmates of many houses were astir, and the sharp voices of mothers clamored denunciations on the elder daughters who acted as unsalaried nursemaids to the younger branches of the family.

The place popularly known as the Pilasters is one of the queerest nooks in London. It consists of a row of tumble-down houses, fronted by a dilapidated colonnade, and filled with busy life from cellar to attic. But I do not believe that the inhabitants of the Pilasters are guilty of nefarious practices, or that vice and crime find a hiding-place in the cellars below the colonnade. The retreat stands by itself, hidden between two highly respectable middle-class streets, whose inhabitants would scarcely tolerate Alsatian habits or Field Lane proclivities in their near neighbors. Small tradesmen find a home in the Pilasters, and emerge thence to work for the best families in Dudley Street and "the Squares."

Here, amongst small tailors and mantua-makers, cheap eating-houses, shabby beer-shops, chimney-sweeps and mangles, Signora Picirillo had taken up her abode, bringing her faded goods and chattles, the remnants of brighter times, to furnish the first-floor over a shoemaker's shop. I am afraid the shoemaker was oftener employed in mending old shoes than in making new ones, but the Signora was fain to ignore that fact, and to be contented with her good fortune in having found a very cheap lodging in a central neighborhood.

This was a shabbier place than any that Eleanor Vane had ever lived in, but she showed no distaste for its simple arrangements. The Signora's hopes were realized by-and-by. At first the girl sat all day in a despondent attitude, with the French poodle in her lap, her head drooping on her breast, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her whole manner giving evidence of an all-absorbing grief which was nearly akin to despair. She went to Brixton very soon after her return to England; but here a very cruel disappointment awaited her. The Misses Bennett heard her sorrowful story with pitiful murmurs of regret and compassion, but they had engaged a young person as junior teacher, and could do nothing to help her. She returned to the Pilasters, looking the image of pale despair; but the Signora and Richard both declared to her that nothing could be happier for them than her consenting to remain with them.

So it seemed very much as if the Pilasters was to be Eleanor Vane's permanent abode. The neighbors had stared at her a great deal at first, admiring her pale face and flowing hair, and pitying her because of her black frock; but they were familiar with her now, and gave her a good-day in a friendly manner as she passed under the shadow of the colonnade on her way out or in.

Little by little the air of dull despondency gave way before this young woman's earnest desire to be of use to the people who were so kind to her. She played remarkably well, for she had had plenty of the drudgery of pianoforte playing at the Brixton school, and she was able to take some of the Signora's pupils off her hands. She sang, too, in a rich contralto, which promised to be powerful and beautiful by-and-by; and she practised the ballads in the old operas which the Signora kept, neatly bound, but yellow with age, in her feeble music-stand.

As her friends had hoped, her sunshiny nature re-asserted itself. The outer evidences of her great sorrow gradually passed away, though the memory of her loss still filled her mind; the image of her father, and the thought of that father's unhappy death, were still for ever present with her. It was not in her nature to be long reserved or unsocial; and by-and-by, when she had been nearly six months in her new home, and the London sparrows were chirping in the bright spring sunshine about the mews and under the colonnade, Miss Vane began to sing at her work as she flitted to and fro in the low rooms, dusting the grand pianoforte and the old china—touching up the frame of Richard's unsaleable picture, the flaring Battle of Bosworth, which illuminated one side of the room. Wherever she went the faithful French poodle ran frisking by her side; whatever sunshine could find its way into the dusky London chamber seemed to concentrate itself about her golden head. Gayety, life, and brightness, went with her up and down the dark staircase—in and out of the dingy rooms. Her youth and beauty turned the shabby lodging into a fairy palace, as it seemed to Richard and his aunt. When she sat down and ran her agile fingers over the piano, dashing into fantasias and scenas, sparkling and rippling with joyous treble meanderings among the upper notes, the old Clementi grew young again beneath her touch, the worn-out strings were revivified by the wondrous magnetism of her youth and vitality. The flute-like treble trills and triplets seemed like the joyous chirpings of a hundred birds. The music-mistress and the scene-painter used to sit and watch her as she played; their admiring eyes followed her as she flitted to and fro, and they wondered at her grace and beauty.

She had her father's aristocratic elegance, her father's power of fascination. All the dangerous gifts which had been so fatal to George Vane, were inherited by his youngest daughter. Like him, a creature of impulse, spontaneous, sanguine, volatile, she influenced other people by the force of her own superabundant vitality. In her bright hopefulness she made an atmosphere of hope in which other people grew hopeful. The dullest rejoiced in her joyous vivacity, her unconscious loveliness. Yes, perhaps Eleanor Vane's greatest charm lay in her utter ignorance of the fact that she was charming. In the three years' drudgery of a boarding-school she had never learned the power of her own fascination. She knew that people loved her, and she was grateful to them for their affection; but she had never discovered that it was by some wondrous magnetic attraction inherent in herself, that she obtained so much love and devotion.

Nobody had ever taken the trouble to tell her that she was beautiful. She had generally worn shabby frocks, and the rippling golden hair had not very often been smooth, so perhaps the school-girls at Brixton scarcely knew how lovely their companion was. The delicate aquiline profile, the flashing gray eyes, pale face, red lips and amber hair, were counterbalanced by the silk dresses and lace furbelows of young ladies, whose wealthy fathers paid full price for their education. Poverty learns its place in the little world of a young ladies' boarding-school quite as surely as in the larger world beyond the garden wall which bounds that establishment. But Eleanor had held her own at the Misses Bennett's seminary by some mysterious power against which her richer companions had in vain rebelled. Her frank acknowledgment of her poverty, coupled with the fact of her father's former wealth and grandeur, perhaps enabled her to do this. If she wore shabby frocks, she looked more aristocratic in her shabbiness than the other young ladies in their stiff silks and prim finery. They recognized this fact, they acknowledged something in their playfellow which lifted her above themselves, and the half-boarder dealt out patronage and regal condescensions to the most remunerative pupils in the school. She reigned by reason of her unacknowledged beauty, and that divine something, dimly recognized by all about her, but as yet wholly undeveloped. The school-girl was clever, brilliant, fascinating, but it was yet to be discovered what the woman would be. It was yet to be discovered whether these budding qualities would develope into the many flowers of a bright and versatile mind, or burst forth suddenly and mysteriously into that rare tropical blossom, that mental once-in-a-century flourishing aloe, which men call Genius. The good music-mistress watched her young protegee with love and wonder, not unalloyed by fear. What was she to do with this strange and beautiful bird which she had brought home to her nest? Would it be right to fetter this bright spirit for ever? Was it fair to immure all this joyous loveliness in that shabby lodging; to stifle such superabundant vitality in the close atmosphere of a dull and monotonous existence?

The faithful creature had been accustomed to consider others, and she thought of this seriously and constantly. Eleanor was contented and happy. She was earning money now by giving lessons here and there, and she contributed to the family purse. The days slipped by very rapidly, as it seemed, in that peaceful monotony. Miss Vane's frocks appeared to grow shorter and shorter as the young lady sprang up into bright womanhood. She was nearly seventeen now, and had been more than a year and a half living under the shadow of the Bloomsbury Pilasters. Richard and his aunt consulted together as to what her future life ought to be; but they never came nearer to any conclusion.

"It's all very well to talk of her going away from us, you know, aunty," the scene-painter said; "but what are we to do without her? All the sunshine and poetry of our lives will go away with her when she leaves us! Besides! what is she to be? A governess? Bah! who would doom her to that ladylike drudgery? An actress? No, aunty carissima, I should never like to see that bright young beauty behind the glare of the footlights. I think I'd rather she should live here for ever and ever, than that her nature should ever be vulgarised by contact with the world. Let us keep her, aunty; she doesn't want to leave us. Those who have any actual claim upon her have abandoned her. She came across my pathway like some wandering homeless angel. I shall never forget her face when I first saw it on the lamplit boulevard, and recognized the little girl I had known three years before in the fair-haired young beauty of fifteen. She doesn't want to go away. Why should you talk of her leaving us, aunty dear?"

Signora Picirillo shrugged her shoulders with a sigh.

"Heaven knows I have no wish to part with her, Dick," she said; "but we ought to do what's right for her sake. This is no place for George Vane's daughter."

But while the music-mistress and her nephew were speculating and theorizing upon the future of their protegee, practical Mrs. Bannister was contemplating the infliction of a death-blow which was to shatter the happiness of the humble Bloomsbury circle with one merciless stroke. Early in the bleak March of 1855, Eleanor received a coldly-worded epistle from her half-sister, to the effect that an opportunity had now arisen for her advancement in life; and that if she wished ever to attain a *respectable* position—the adjective was mercilessly underlined—she would do well to avail herself of it. For further information and advice, she was to call early the next morning in Hyde Park Gardens.

Miss Vane would fain have left this letter unanswered, and at first stoutly refused to obey Mrs. Bannister's summons.

"What do I want with her condescension and patronage?" she said, indignantly.—"Does she think that I forget the cruel letter she wrote to my father; or that I forgive her for its heartless insolence? Let her keep her favors for those who solicit them. I want nothing from her. I only want to be left in peace with the friends I love. Do you want to get rid of me, Signora, that you persuade me to dance attendance upon Mrs. Bannister?"

It was very hard for poor Signora Picirillo to be compelled to urge the child's acceptance of the hand so coldly extended to her, but the good creature felt that it was her duty to do so, and Miss Vane loved her protectress far too dearly to persist in opposing her. She went, therefore, early the next morning, to her half-sister's house at Bayswater, where the spacious rooms seemed doubly spacious when compared with the little sitting-room over the colonnade, the sitting-room which was more than half filled by Clementi's old-fashioned piano.—Here the gorgeous Erard's grand, in a case of carved walnut wood and ebony, and with all manner of new-fangled improvements, was only an oasis upon the great desert of a splendid Brussels carpet.

Hortensia Bannister was pleased to be very gracious to her half-sister. Perhaps she was all the more so because Eleanor made no pretence of affection for her. This cold, hard-natured woman would have been suspicious of mercenary motives lurking beneath any demonstration of sisterly love.

"I am glad to hear you have been learning to get your own living, Eleanor," she said, "and, above all, that you have been cultivating your talent for the piano. I have not forgotten you, you will find. The people with whom you have been living sent me their address when they brought you from Paris, and I knew where to find you when any opportunity should present itself for your advancement. This opportunity has now presented itself. My old acquaintance, Mrs. Darrell, the niece of your father's friend, Maurice de Crespigny, who is still living, though very old and infirm, has written to me, saying that she requires a young person who would act as companion and musical governess to a lady who lives with her. This young lady is no relation of Mrs. Darrell's, but is a kind of ward or pupil, I believe. Your youth, in this instance, Eleanor, happens to be an advantage, as the the young lady requires a companion of her own age. You will receive a moderate salary, and be treated as a member of the family. Let me hear you play, by-the-by, that I may be able to speak positively as to your qualifications."

Eleanor Vane sat down to the piano.—The strings of the Erard vibrated under her touch. She was almost frightened at the grand tones that came out of the instrument as she dashed over the keys. She played very brilliantly, however, and her sister condescended to say so.

"I think I may conscientiously give a good account of your playing," she said. "You sing, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well, then; I think you may consider the engagement a settled thing. There is only one question to arrange. Of course you must be aware that the position which your father occupied was once a very elevated one. His most intimate friend was Mr. de Crespigny, the uncle of the lady whose house I wish you to enter. Under these circumstances you cannot wonder when I tell you that I should strongly object to Mrs. Darrell's knowing who you really are."

"How do you mean, Hortensia?"

"I mean that I shall recommend you as a young person in whose career I feel interested. If you go to Hazlewood at all, you must go under an assumed name."

"Hortensia!"

"Well!" cried Mrs. Bannister, lifting her handsome black eyebrows.

"I don't want this situation, and I should hate to take a false name. I would rather stay with my friends, please. I love them very dearly, and am very happy with them."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Bannister, "what is the use of trying to do some people a service? Here have I been scheming as to how I could manage to avail myself of this chance, and now this ungrateful girl turns round and tells me she doesn't want the situation. Do you know what you are refusing, Eleanor Vane? Have you learnt your father's habit of pauperism, that you prefer to be a burden upon this penniless music-teacher and her son, or nephew, or whatever he is, rather than make an honest effort to get your own living?"

Eleanor started up from the piano: she had been sitting before it until now, softly fingering the white ivory keys, and admiring the beauty of the tones. She started up, looking at her sister, and blushing indignantly to the very roots of her golden hair.

Could this be true? Could she be indeed a burden to the friends she loved so dearly?

"If you think that, Hortensia," she said, "if you think I am any burden to the dear Signora, or Richard, I will take any situation you like, however hard. I'll toil night and day, and work my fingers to the bone, rather than be a trouble or burden to them any longer."

She remembered how little she earned by her few pupils. Yes, Hortensia was no doubt right. She was a burden to those good people who had taken her to their home in her hour of desolation and misery.

"I'll take the situation, Hortensia," she cried. "I'll take a false name. I'll do anything in the world rather than impose upon the goodness of my friends."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Bannister, coldly. "Pray do not let us have any heroics about it. The situation is a very good one, I can assure you, and there are many girls who would be glad to snap at such a chance. I will write to my friend, Mrs. Darrell, and recommend you to her notice. I can do no more. I cannot, of course, ensure you success; but Ellen Darrell and I were great friends some years since, and I know that I have considerable influence with her. I'll write and tell you the result of my recommendation."

Eleanor left Hyde Park Gardens after taking two or three sips of some pale sherry which her half-sister gave her. The wine seemed of a sorry vintage, and tasted very much as if the grapes of which it was made had never seen the sun. Miss Vane was glad to set down her wine-glass and escape from the cold splendor of her half-sister's drawing room.

She walked slowly and sorrowfully back to Bloomsbury. She was to leave her dear friends there; leave the shabby rooms in which she had been so happy, and to go out into the bleak world a dependent upon grand people, so low and humiliated that even her own name must be abandoned by her before she could enter upon the state of dependence. The Bohemian sociality of the Pilasters was to be exchanged for the dreary splendor of a household in which she was to be something a little above the servants.

But it would be cowardly and selfish to refuse this situation, for no doubt cruel Mrs. Bannister had spoken the truth. She had been a burden upon her poor friends.

She was very gloomy and despondent, thinking of these things, but through every gloomy thought of the present a darker image loomed far away in the black future. This was the image of her vengeance, the vague and uncertain shadow that had filled her girlish dreams ever since the great sorrow of her father's death had fallen upon her.

"If I go to Hazlewood," she thought, "if I spend my life at Mrs. Darrell's, how can I ever hope to find the murderer of my father?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bad Books.—"Beware of bad books—never open one—they will leave a stain upon the soul which can never be removed. If you have an enemy whose soul you wish to visit with a heavy vengeance, and into whose heart you would place vipers which will live, and crawl, and torment him through life, and whose damnation you would seal up for the eternal world, you have only to place one of these destroyers into his hands. You have certainly paved the way to the abode of death, and if he does not tread it with hasty strides, you have, at least, laid up food for many days of remorse. Those who print, sell or peddle such works to the young, are among the most awful scourges with which a righteous God ever visited the world.

"The Angel of Death can sheath his sword, and stay his hand in the work of destruction. But these wretches! they dig graves so deep that they reach into hell. They blight the hopes of parents, and pour more than seven vials of woe upon the family whose affections are bound up in the son thus destroyed."

A young lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him,—

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, with a clinging kiss.

"How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed,—

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

☞ There was lately exhibiting on a blank wall in London, a magnificent painting, designed, doubtless, to increase the circulation of some cheap periodical; the coloring was gorgeous, and the scale of the picture a little over life-size; the subject was as follows:—The scene was a sort of domed chamber of immense extent, in which sat a number of judicial persons, masked. A human figure, doubtless the accused person, tightly bound, was suspended from the ceiling (like a chandelier), and oscillated from side to side of it; the oscillations, themselves inconvenient, were rendered more so by two enormous torches, placed opposite to one another, into one or other of which the human pendulum infallibly swung at the end of each vibration. His examination was conducted during the interval of ærial passage, when he was not singeing, and his replies (which must have been singularly clear and valuable) were set down in writing by the judges. Altogether, it was an exciting illustration, and reflected equal credit upon the brain that conceived it, the hand that executed it, and the bill-sticker who had placed it in a most excellent situation in New Oxford street, where nobody could fail to see it.

☞ Down in Mississippi pins command two dollars a paper. At this rate it is no trifling matter to keep the Southern ladies in pin-money.

A ROMANTIC ENCOUNTER.

A Cincinnati paper relates the following romantic incident which occurred in that famous city of pork, which had a very happy denouement:—

It seems that a large crowd of young bucks stand on the corner of Fourth and Vine streets on balmy days to see the pretty women pass, which innocent amusement gives no offence, so long as the young men conduct themselves properly. But one day the wife of a prominent citizen, a young and fascinating creature, noticed that she was followed from the corner, as she went from shop to shop, making purchases, and the offence was repeated three days in succession. Her husband was away at the time, but on his return, to him was detailed the conduct of the "villain, braggart, and scoundrel," as she termed him. The picture of what had transpired was highly drawn, and the sequel of the interview was an indignant husband, and a threatened murder on the highway. The plan was arranged that on the next afternoon the wife was again to promenade Fourth street, the husband and a police officer to follow a few yards in the rear, and if the youth again continued his insolence he was to be seized and made to apologize to the lady publicly on the street, cowhided, and then permitted to depart with the advice "go and sin no more." The afternoon came, and the hasten-to-be-revenged husband and his lady went forth to meet the disturber of their peace and happiness. The lady took the lead half a square, and, when a short distance east of Race, on Fourth street, met the "gay deceiver," who wheeled as soon as she passed, and kept a few paces behind. The lady continued along Fourth street to Walnut, and crossed over to the south side of the street. The young man turned on the first crossing west of Walnut, to confront her if she should return westward. The husband's wrath was at fever heat, and, approaching the stranger, grappled him by the coat collar, when the following conversation ensued:—

Husband—What do you mean, sir, by following that lady day after day in the most insolent manner?

Stranger—Before I answer your question I have a right to know who it is that thus makes such a demand.

Husband (excitedly)—You shall know, sir. I am the husband of that lady.

Stranger—Sir, I am happy to make your acquaintance. If you will release your hold, I will satisfy you with, I trust, an ample explanation.

Husband hesitates, but finally releases his hold, and angrily demands the young man to proceed.

Stranger—Sir, that lady in appearance is the counterpart of my mother, now deceased about twelve years, and when I show you her daguerreotype, which I have carried since her death nearest my heart, you will, I think, also perceive a striking resemblance to your lady. If what I have done seems insolent, you must forgive me—for the reason that I loved my mother so dearly and devotedly. Here, sir, is the likeness, judge for yourself.

Husband—Why, sir, (looking upon the daguerreotype) you really astonish me. The likeness is so striking a resemblance to the mother of my wife, who also died about a dozen years since. What was your mother's name?

Stranger—Her name was M———r.

Husband—(Starting back much agitated, further inquired,) Sir, what is your name?

Stranger—William M———r! I have been absent in California about sixteen years.

Husband—Great God, young man, my wife is your sister!

Stranger—My sister? It cannot be possible. I had only one sister, and she died two years before my mother.

During all this conversation the wife was in a bookstore, nervously watching the proceedings in the street, and when the two seized each other by the hand cordially, looked at the picture, and evinced surprise, pleasure, &c., at what the conversation developed and finally arm in arm, crossed the street to meet her, her amazement was at the culminating pitch. The lady was called out and the following took place:

Husband—Wife, cannot you recognize this gentleman, and have you not met him previous to the past week?

Wife—Why, husband, what do you mean? I appeal to the stranger if we ever spoke to each other or ever met before?

Stranger—Yes, madam, we have met frequently before, and on the most intimate terms.

Wife—It is false, sir; it is a slander. (The tears coursing down her cheeks profusely.)

Stranger—Madam, I will prove to you the truth of my assertion. (Here the stranger drew forth the daguerreotype and presented it to the lady,) who, turning pale, excitedly exclaimed:—

"My mother! my dear mother! How came you by this?" clasping it to her bosom.

Husband—Wife, there must be no more mystery about this matter. This young man is William M———r, your only brother.

The brother and sister eyed each other for a moment, as if to become assured of the truth of the astounding declaration, and then, as if by instinct, clasped each other around the neck and wept tears of joy. Policeman Homer, from whom was received the above, states that he never witnessed such a greeting. The three took the first car that came along, and went home overjoyed at the day's developments, where no doubt a full narration of their youthful histories was given, their parting when young, and all the events that have transpired since.

☞ **An Indian's Idea.**—Once there was a party of Indians invited to attend the theatre, and when they were asked about it, they only said, "One man played the fiddle, and another played the fool."

☞ An old Aberdoman used to say, in summing up all the disastrous changes of modern times—"Even the laddies at the schuel maun hae their pocket-handkerchers."

☞ There is iron enough in the blood of 43 men to make fifty horse shoes, each weighing half a pound.

☞ Gold may be beaten into leaves so thin that 280,000 would be only an inch thick.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over $60,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch, as the share of his profits thus far.

Massachusetts is to be put on a war footing. A bill is before the Massachusetts Legislature which authorises the Governor to raise, by draft or voluntary enlistment, a force not exceeding 12,000 men, for the defence of the state from any public enemy of the United States.

What becomes of all the theories of Lavater when the brigands and beggars of Rome have stood as models for all the great works of art, and for the likenesses of saints and cherubim?

Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, has sent a communication to the rebel Congress, in which he informs that body that the estimated expenses of carrying on the rebellion for the six months ending December 31st, 1862, the last six months of the present year, will be, according to prices ruling in the South, fifty millions of dollars per month.

Marrying "for the War."—We learn by a letter from Corinth, Miss., that a new "social arrangement" has been gotten up between our soldiers and the secesh women of that locality. The soldiers get to courting the women, and when a match is struck up, they get married in regular style, with the condition "while the war lasts." Some twenty of our soldiers have entered into the arrangement lately. The question that occurs to us is, will these little treaties of peace be conducive to a short or a protracted war?—a question that we respectfully submit to the ladies' debating society.—*Chicago Journal.*

A naval officer from Vicksburg states that no attack on Vicksburg is expected to be made, the programme being to submerge the country on either side of the Mississippi from Helena down, by cutting levees, so that no crops can be raised, and the entire country shall be barren and untenable, which will compel the Confederate forces to leave for more congenial quarters, which my informant is confident they are doing. The same informant expresses the belief that the river will be clear by May 1st.

☞ A woman has sued for a divorce in Indiana, on the ground that her husband's feet were so cold it distressed her. A case of incompatibility of temperament and of sole.

☞ In Windham, Maine, there have been 23 snow falls this winter, with a total depth of 8 feet 5 inches of snow.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We were recently shown a letter from a Hospital Steward at Nashville, making complaints of the Sanitary Commission for withholding their stores for the battle-field, while men in Hospitals were suffering for the want of them; and at the same time an application was made for supplies to be sent out from this Branch. Upon taking the letter to one connected with the Philadelphia Agency, to receive instructions as to the course to be pursued, we were told that such complaints were not reliable: that the Surgeon in charge of the Hospital could obtain from the Louisville Branch of the Sanitary Commission all that was necessary, by making a proper requisition—supplies never being withheld from any point where they were *needed*. This was satisfactory; but wishing for further intelligence, we have written to the Sanitary Inspector, and we hope before long to have information from a more responsible source concerning the Nashville Hospitals. In the meantime, we copy from a Cleveland paper a communication from Nashville, to show that the Commission are not holding back *all* their stores:—

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
NASHVILLE, March 18, 1863.

Immediately after the late very gallant defence of Fort Donelson by the brave 83rd Illinois Regiment, we left sanitary stores, and afterward sent another supply. We have received the following acknowledgement:—

"*Dr. A. M. Read, Sanitary Inspector—Dear Sir:*—The sanitary goods which we received from you, for which you have my receipt, came all in fine order, and proved to us at the time a perfect God-send. The sick and wounded soldiers in our hospital number about seventy-five men. They feel under great obligations to you and to our unknown friends for thus supplying us with the very articles we need at the very time when we most needed them.

Yours, respectfully,
E. S. COOPER,
Surgeon 18th Illinois Infantry.

The Commission has *lived down* most of the prejudicial reports concerning it.

There are always returned soldiers bringing with them stories of dishonest surgeons and nurses, some of which must necessarily be true in so large an army as ours. We never deny these reports, but the *proofs* (names and dates) are asked for, with a promise of investigation, and the punishment of all convicted delinquents. We have not, as yet, been able to trace back any of these reports to anything tangible.

We presume there are few persons who have not heard some charge brought against the Commission. There has been a rumor for some weeks in circulation here that some ladies in Washington, connected with the Sanitary Commission, had been selling bandages and lint in large quantities. This rumor at length reached the ears of the President of the Commission. Inquiries were set on foot, and the name of the paper manufacturer ascertained. An agent was immediately sent to him to examine the material, which, if coming from the Sanitary Commission, would bear the mark upon the separate rolls. The manufacturer confirmed the report, but unfortunately had made up all the stock into paper. The name of the dealer from whom he had made the purchase was next ascertained, and the agent visited him. He also verified the statement of its having been purchased from a lady connected with the Commission; and the agent, taking the name and address of the lady, paid her a visit, and learned from her that she had no connection with the Commission: but that she represented some of the Hospitals in Washington, which having accumulated large stores of this description, had obtained from the proper authorities permission to dispose of them, and to purchase with the proceeds other stores more needed. The operation was a perfectly legitimate one; but in no way connected with the Sanitary Commission. Another report, which was of a more alarming nature, was the one circulated by the soldiers themselves, that they had been purchasing stockings at 33 cents a pair, which had been knit for the Sanitary Commission. In the feet of the stockings they had in some instances found balls of yarn, little pin-cushions, and in a few, slips of paper, with the name and address of the knitter. Some of the men amused themselves by writing letters to those addresses, returning their thanks for the stockings, and adding that the 33 cents a pair which they had paid for them, was a trifling cost considering who had knit them. A young man, Sergeant in a New York Battery, wrote to his father, who was in the Custom-House in that city, and exposed the fraud. The father seeing the injury which such an abuse of the free gifts of the people would be to the Commission, and wishing to bring the dishonest agent to the punishment he merited, wrote at once to Dr. Bellows, and placed the facts before him. A special agent was immediately dispatched to Falmouth, with instructions to ignominiously dismiss from the service the guilty party as soon as discovered. The agent found the statements of Mr. Ropes and his son to be entirely correct: but the explanation of Col. Ingalls put a different face upon the matter. It seems that in the dead of Winter, transportation being difficult, the Government failed to furnish stockings in sufficient quantities to meet the demands made upon the Quartermaster by the men, who were actually suffering from frost-bitten feet for the want of them. In this emergency, Col. Ingalls went to the Sanitary Inspector, and telling his wants, asked for the loan of 5,000 pairs; which request, as they had 30,000 pairs on hand, was at once granted. These stockings were sold at Government price to the men, by the Quartermaster's orders, who, as soon as he received the Government supplies, returned to the Sanitary Commission the number he had borrowed. For this humane loan, slanders concerning the Commission have reached ears which will never hear the denial. But surely the friends of the Commission will never help to spread these injurious reports: but, on the contrary, whenever they hear such, through any authentic source, they will at once lay the facts before some officer connected with the Commission, that the truth may be ascertained, and the guilty, if any there be, be exposed and punished.

But who is there not friendly to the Commission? It has won the confidence of all denominations because "built upon foundations broad, national and purely Christian." Bishop Potter says: "The operations of the Sanitary Commission have been conducted with rare ability and in the spirit of enlightened benevolence. Acting under the sanction of the Government and in some sense with its aid, it has accomplished wonders, as well in preventing sickness in the army as in ministering to the wounded and diseased."

Among the many testimonials to the value of the system adopted by the Commission is that of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

This highly respectable body, representing a numerous and most influential denomination of Christians in all parts of the North and West, adopted, at its meeting in Cincinnati in May last, the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the Assembly earnestly recommend to all our Presbyteries and churches, the United States Sanitary Commission as the very best channel through which to reach the sick and wounded of the army. It is thoroughly organized, possessed of all needful facts, and is now acting with *that system and economy which only an enlarged experience can secure.*

We close with a few lines from a New York report:

The work of the Commission invites the closest scrutiny, and it is because those who have investigated it most thoroughly—who have examined its books, followed its inspectors into hospitals and camps, its agents to the battle-field, and its supplies to the soldiers—are its most earnest supporters, that we wish to say to those who stay at home, and by their unwearied labor and patriotic zeal keep this great machinery in motion: You cannot see what is going on, but you shall *know* all and everything. We want to have you see what we see, and know what we know, and thus be able to determine fairly for yourselves, whether the Commission is or is not worthy of your support and confidence.

TO CONTRIBUTING SOCIETIES.

The Sanitary Commission respectfully requests all its contributing societies to have the articles in this department read aloud at their weekly meetings.

NEWS ITEMS.

FLAX GROWING.—From present appearances there will be flax enough raised this season. One man recently here from Ohio has supplied 7,000 bushels of seed in his neighborhood, and has engaged seven of Allen's new brakes, and offers to contract for the sale of 4,000 tons of fibre, to be delivered in Boston before the first of January next. According to the way orders come from the west for flax machinery the present spring, it has been intimated that sixteen hundred men, with the proper machinery and machine shops, could not get out the fall supply of brakes and pickers needed.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN a recent interview with the Secretary of War, Mr. Arnold, member of Congress from Illinois, learned the following particulars of the new draft:—The action under the law will be, first to return to the army all the absentees and deserters; second, the draft will be made first in those states and districts which have failed to furnish their quota under calls heretofore made; third, such of the states as have furnished more than their proportion of volunteers heretofore called for will be credited with such excess, and no draft will probably be ordered in such states until the number of troops furnished by the several states shall have been equalized by drafts in those states which are behind.

QUEEN VICTORIA is fond of silver gray as a color in costume. So her new daughter-in-law wore a silver gray poplin dress on her first visit to her Majesty, which quite agreeably took the latter by surprise. And it is now understood that silver gray poplin, from this circumstance, is to be "all the rage" this season; and moreover that, by the act of making it fashionable, the new Princess of Wales inaugurates her reign as the English, as the Empress Eugenie is the French, Queen of Modes.

CRITICISM has its perils in Paris. We read that several duels, a horsewhipping and a lawsuit, have arisen there from a newspaper critic's ridicule of an actor because he was fat.

THE Pneumatic Despatch Company, in London, carries through its air tubes one hundred and ten mails daily, and conveys, besides the letters, trucks of iron which weigh five tons each, and occasional passengers.

FORTY-TWO Union families of East Tennessee were sent beyond the rebel lines by Gen. Bragg, a few days ago.

THE Milwaukie News says the large receipts of wheat in that city for several weeks past go to show that the crop of 1862 was much larger than has heretofore been counted on.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Those who have the largest horizon of thought, the most extended vision in regard to the relation of things, are not remarkable for self-reliance and steady judgment. A man who sees limitedly and clearly is more sure of himself and more direct in his dealings with circumstances and with others, than one whose capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and objections—just as a horse with blinkers more surely chooses his path and is less likely to shy.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been dull during the past week. The sales only reach about 8000 bbls, in lots, mostly taken for export, at $6 for superfine; $6,50@7 for extras; $7@7,50 for extra family, and $8@9,50 ℘ bbl for fancy brands. The bulk of the sales were of Western family, at $7@7,50, including some low grade North-western do, at $6,50, and 1500 bbls City mills do, part Jenny Lind, on terms kept private, and 1000 bbls high grade Ohio fancy at $9@9,50 ℘ bbl. The sales of the trade have been within the above range of prices. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling at $5@5,25 ℘ bbl, which is an advance. Corn Meal is not much inquired for, but Pennsylvania Meal is scarce, and if here would bring $4,25 ℘ bbl. Brandywine is worth $4,37½ ℘ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of all kinds continue moderate. Sales of Wheat reach about 28,000 bus, at $165@1,70 for common to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds in store; $1,70 for good Southern do, and $1,80 to $1,90 for white, and the latter scarce. Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at $1,06. Corn is unsettled and rather lower, and about 45,000 bus yellow were disposed of at 90@92c. Oats are less active, and some 25,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, sold at 80@85c weight. Barley and Malt remain quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds is dull and drooping, with but little movement in bbld Meats. Mess Pork is quoted at $15@15,50, and Mess Beef $12,50@14,50 ℘ bbl, and the demand for both limited. Beef Hams are held at $17,25@17,50 ℘ bbl, without sales. For Bacon the demand is mostly confined to Hams, with moderate sales at 10@12c, the latter for fancy bagged. Green Meats are quiet, with further sales of 600 casks Hams, in pickle, at 8¼@9¼c, the latter for extra quality, 7¼@7¾c for do, in salt, and 5¼@5½c for Shoulders. Sides are very dull. Of Lard the sales are limited at 10@10½c for country, 10½@11c for prime Western, in bbls and tcs, and 12@12½c for kegs; some holders ask the highest figures. Butter is dull and neglected at 15@22c for Roll. Cheese is quiet at 12@13c ℘ ℔. Eggs are lower, and worth 14@15c ℘ dozen.

COTTON—Holders have put up their prices 1@2c ℘ ℔, but the demand continues limited; the sales, however, reach about 300 bales, mostly at equal to 66@67c for middlings and good middlings, all cash.

ASHES—Both kinds are steady, and the sales limited at quotations.

BARK is firm at the late decline, with a fair demand for Quercitron, and all offered, about 50 hhds 1st No 1, sold at $35 ℘ ton. Of Tanners Bark the receipts and sales are light, and the market firm at $17@19 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

COAL—The receipts are on the increase, but the market is firm and on the advance.

COFFEE—There is none arriving; sales of 300 bags to note in a small way at 30@32½c for Rio, and 33c for Laguayra, cash and 4 mos, chiefly of the former.

COPPER is dull and neglected. Of Yellow Metal the sales are moderate at 30c for Sheets, and 32c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS are dull, and sell as wanted at 45@47c ℘ ℔, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are limited to small lots of Dried Apples and Peaches at 5@6c for the former, and 6@10c ℘ ℔ for the latter, for unpared quarters and halves.

HAY is rather lower, and selling from the yards at 100@115c the 100 ℔s. Baled Hay is worth $17@18 ℘ ton.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is dull and drooping.

HOPS move off slowly at 23@25c ℘ ℔ for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues almost at a stand still. Makers are not disposed to accept less than $33@36 for the three numbers of Anthracite. For Manufactured the market is also less active.

LEAD is inactive, with a further small sale of Galena to note at 9c ℘ ℔, cash.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards are steady at $21@23; 200,000 feet Yellow Sap do sold at $22, and White Pine Shingles at $19@21. Hemlock is stiffer, prices range at $9½@10 for Scantling, and $12 for Boards. Laths are selling from the yards at $1,75 ℘ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been active and firm, with sales of about 1100 hhds Cuba, part at 43@45c for Muscovado; some 500 bbls New Orleans also sold at 37@47c, cash, by auction, and 45@54c, 4 months.

PLASTER is wanted, and several cargoes have been disposed of at $5,25 ℘ ton.

RICE is firm at the advance, and 200 bags Rangoon sold at 7½@8½c ℘ ℔.

SEEDS—There is little or no demand for either Clover or Timothy, and prices are nearly nominal at $5@5,50 for the former, and $1,75@2 ℘ bus for the latter; Flaxseed is arriving and selling slowly at $3,50 ℘ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but very quiet, at previous rates. New England Rum is steady, at 65@68c. Whiskey has further declined; large sales of bbls at 45c, and drudge at 44c.

SUGAR—The market is active and prices rather better, with sales of about 1600 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note, at 10¾@11c, on time, including about 200 hhds New Orleans, partly sold by auction, at from 10 to 11⅝c, cash and 4 mos.

TALLOW—The market is quiet, and prices steady at 11½@11¾c for city, and 10¾c ℘ ℔ for country.

TOBACCO is arriving more freely from the West, but the stock is generally held above the views of buyers.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive; a few small lots only have changed hands at irregular prices, ranging from 80 to 90c, cash, including some Tub at the lowest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 944 head. The prices realized were from 10 to 13 cts ℘ ℔. 80 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ℘ head. 2200 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ℘ ℔. 350 Hogs at from $6,00 to 8,00 ℘ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. TYSON G. BRIGGS, to Miss JUSTINA W. GODFREY, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. JOHN B. THOMPSON, to Miss EDITH PYLE, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM H. BICKLEY, to Miss LOTTIE FRASER, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan. by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, Mr. THOMAS M. HARVEY, to Miss HARRIET ALLBRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. WILLIAM L. ROOM, to Miss LOUISA E. TATHAM, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, ALFRED A. DURAN, to Miss AMELIA A. daughter of B. B. Jenkins both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. W. W. Taylor, Mr. GEORGE M. ROWE, to Miss HARRIET GABELL, both of this city.

On the 14th of April, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, Mr. JOSEPH HOFFMAN, to Miss HARRIET BROADWATER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, ENOCH THORN, in his 45th year.

On the 28th ultimo, CAROLINE C. eldest daughter of W. J. Duffee, B Surgeon, U. S. A.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY, widow of the late Wm. Grant.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Bitler, daughter of David J. and Ellenor Myers, aged 27 years.

On the 27th ultimo, CATHERINE FOSTER, relict of the late Jas. Foster.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ANN HORTTER, relict of Jacob Hortter, in her 88th year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM FIRTH, in his 45th year.

On the 25th ultimo, HARRIET, wife of David Lloyd in her 48th year.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY HENRY, wife of Thos. Henry, in her 69th year.

On the 25th ultimo, ISAAC N. HARPER, M. D. in his 38th year.

On the 24th ultimo, THOMAS VAUGHAN, Sr. in his 88th year.

On the 24th ultimo, THOMAS NICHOLSON, aged 53 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, May 2, 1863.

Alabama,	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	40 prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	¼ dis.	New Brunswick,	35 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	¼ dis.	New Jersey,	par to ¼ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	¼ dis.
Georgia,	40 dis.	New York State,	¼ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	40 dis.
Indiana,	½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	15 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	¼ dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky,	¼ dis.	Rhode Island,	¼ dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	50 dis.
Maine,	¼ dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	½ to ¼ dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	¼ dis.	Vermont,	¼ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	25 dis.
Minnesota,	— dis.	Wisconsin,	3 dis.

AT ODDS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "QUITS," "THE INITIALS," &c, &c.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Messrs J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., beg to announce that, by special arrangement with the distinguished authoress, they will shortly issue,

In both the German and English Languages,

A NEW NOVEL, ENTITLED
AT ODDS.
BY THE BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS.
Authoress of "QUITS," "THE INITIALS," &c.
In 1 Vol., 12mo.

Notwithstanding the great popularity of the authoress of "At Odds"—arising from her previous well-known works—it is believed that the present volume will be entitled to more than ordinary notice, as its issue, in both the English and German languages simultaneously, will afford an excellent medium for the English student to pursue a knowledge of the German language, and for the German to acquaint himself with the English. The edition in German, which is printed from the MS. forwarded by the Baroness, is issued under the supervision of the Hon. C. F. Hagedorn, Consul General, and the edition in English is printed from advance sheets, forwarded by the publishers of the London edition.

Also,
By Special Arrangement with the Author,
THE HISTORY
OF
THE SUPERNATURAL,
In all Ages and Nations, in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith.
By WILLIAM HOWITT.
2 Vols., 12mo., (Nearly Ready.)

☞ Early orders are solicited from the trade.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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NOTICE.—THOSE WISHING to become rich, or succeed in anything they wish, should send for one or all of the Gipsy's Seven Secret Charms. Thousands have done so and now rejoice. They cost but little and do much good. For further particulars send stamp, and get full explanation, to E. F. MAYO, Ballston Spa., New York. ap25-3t

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SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES,
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NEW YORK, November, 1861.

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Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
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"CRISTADORA'S HAIR DYE."

It corrects the injurious effects of other dyes, invigorates the Hair, is applied in a simple manner, operates *instantaneously*, does not stain the skin, and its tints are the

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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

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Are infallible for costiveness, spasms, loss of appetite, sick headache, giddiness, sense of bloating after meals, dizziness, drowsiness, and cramping pains, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels.

ONE OF MANY CASES.

☞ Original Letter at 294 Canal Street, New York.

J. I. C. COOK, publisher of the *State Banner*, Bennington, Vt., says he was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and suffered so severely from it, that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes, a COMPLETE CURE was effected. He says:—"My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished."

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WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—My ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in six weeks. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Price 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1 by mail; send to
JAGGERS & HANDLEY,
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Wit and Humor.

The Story of the Famous Opera,

IL TROVATORE.

There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch, as the opera doth tell;
A daughter she had, too, a gipsey so bold,
Who went to a house where an infant she stoled.
(Chorus in the Italian language, relative to the way she hooked it.)
Singing tooral, toledo, and in domero:
Allegro andanty, and sempre arno,
O giorno dorocro! mid madre you know,
With fata crudele funesta and lo.

Now after they'd burned up the old gipsey mother,
The daughter came by with her own child and t'other:
When she saw her marm burning, it woke up her ire,
And she flung the stole baby smack into the fire.
(Singing chorus, descriptive of the burning.)
Singing tooral, toledo, etc.

Now when the poor baby was all of a bake,
She found she had burnt up her own by mistake;
And as she felt bad at the deed she had done.
She brought up the other, and called him her son.
(Chorus in the barrow-tone style.)
Singing tooral, toledo, etc.

Now when the young man got to years of discretion,
He took up with music, all for a profession,
Likewise a young woman for sweetheart he got,
And all her affections upon him she sot.
(Basso reliefo chorus, in which is set forth the young woman's sentiments, as expressed in a foreign language.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

There's a chap, now a Count, who comes into the song,
Who likewise loved this lady uncommonly strong,
And meeting Manrico—her lover—one night,
They pulled out the weapons, intending to fight.
(Spirited chorus, expressing a horful combat, which came very nigh taking place.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

The next scene discovers Manrico a gipsey,
With fellows who drink a great deal and get tipsey,
And who hammer on anvils, like jolly good fellows,
While their wives mind the fires, and their sons blow the bellows.
(Hardware chorus, à la horse-shoe.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

Now after all this fine singing and fighting,
Which gave the occasion for all this fine writing,
The Count got Manrico locked up in the jug,
And held him as tight as a bug in a rug.
(Doleful chorus.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

The lady came weeping and wailing around,
Where Manrico was lying on the cold ground;
With the old gipsey woman, while ballads he sung,
Resolved to die game though he'd got to be hung.
(Same chorus, with game up, and straps buckled down.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

The Count came along—says the lady, says she,
"If you'll let my love go, why then you may take me!"
So the Count he consented to open the door,
And wipe off the chalks 'gainst the bold trovatore.
(Trovatore—a cove vot sings—F'rinstance, I'm a trovatore, as you hear by the following:)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

But the lady she thought, "I'll ne'er be his wife;
And I'll swindle the Count if it costs me my life."
So when he comes in, there she lay on her side,
And they found, sure enough, 'twas by pison she died.
(Chorus, expressive of pison.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

Then the folks made a fire, 'cause the Count was so sore,
And in it they burnt up the gay trovatore;
Then the gipsey, says she, "Count—I war'nt his mother,
And I'm sorry to say you've burnt up your brother."
(Chorus, expressive of a grand family fry.)
Tooral, toledo, etc.

Anecdote of Randolph.—"I have had the pleasure recently, of passing your house," said a gentleman to John Randolph, whom he met at a hotel in Virginia, and on whose notice he rather forced himself, while engaged in conversation with others.

"I am *glad of it*," said Randolph; "I hope you will *always* do it."

Accounted For.—"My mother," said a fop, "was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I have ever seen."

"Ah!" said Talleyrand, looking through him and taking his measure at once, "it was your father, then, that was so plain."

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

A jeweller, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice-looking young man to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade very delicate and keen, concealed, except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with an air of high satisfaction put it on his finger. The jeweller, of course very innocently, asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was to cut open pockets with.

"Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument, and not be detected?"

The performer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of people from everything that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, etc., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good-morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk—

"Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?"

"Nothing that I know of," was the answer. "Where?"

"Why, just look!"

When, lo! his pocket was found to be cut by the artist, with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, with not only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hundred besides.

The last seen of the jeweller he was in search of the detectives in the hope of recovering his money.

An Incident at Beecher's Church.—On Sunday evening, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, when the pastor announced the results of a collection which had been taken up in the morning for the Children's Aid Society, he read a note left in the plate to the following effect:

"I am an Englishman; the superintendent of an anti-slavery Sabbath-school. I have stood up during the whole service, and no one has been polite enough to offer me a seat. Yet I enclose a half sovereign."

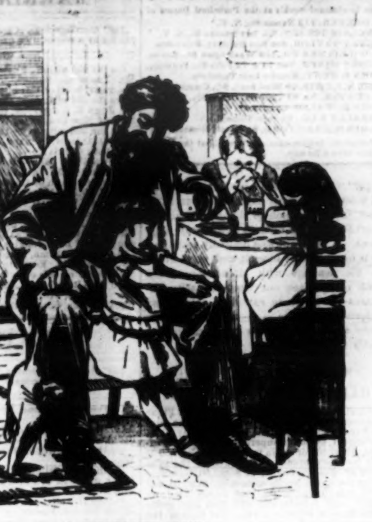
Without changing a muscle of his face, and with the utmost gravity, Mr. Beecher proceeded to say: "Hereafter I wish my congregation and the ushers to understand, when they see an Englishman standing in the crowd, who has been the superintendent of an anti-slavery Sabbath-school, and who has a half sovereign in his pocket, they must give him a seat instantly."—*Post.*

Expeditious but Rather Trying.—A Hibernian, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart, (the latter a kind probably he never saw before,) went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the "boss" told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better next time. After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse, and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed: "Bedad, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be tryin to the baste!"

Reasonable Explanation.—One of two gentlemen recently conversing about the Natural Bridge of Virginia, remarked that there was an extraordinary incident connected with it, for that General Washington once threw a dollar completely over it, an achievement which has not been performed since.

"No wonder," replied his companion, "for a dollar in those days could be made to go a great deal farther than at the present time."

BECOMINGLY DRESSED.



A DELICATE HINT.

BOBBIE.—"Ah! when Bobbie's a big boy, and papa's a little boy, Bobbie 'll ask papa if he 'll take some more jam!"

The following hints on tastes in dress, adaptation of colors, &c., will be found full of suggestions which cannot fail to be useful:

That the majority of women prefer being fashionably to becomingly dressed, is a fact that the universal wearing of high bonnets has tended firmly to establish; and it is an extraordinary one, since the majority of women are, at the same time, well aware that the eyes of those they dress to gladden invariably prefer the "becoming" to the "fashionable."

Every woman is—or, if she isn't, she ought to be—fond of being well-dressed, and desirous of looking at all times and seasons as well as Nature will allow her to look. It is not only justifiable, but absolutely right and praiseworthy that the aid of art should be called in to assist in obtaining the desirable result. It is unjustifiable, wrong, and reprehensible to a degree, that art should be so frequently distorted, and the result, when achieved, so abominably bad.

About a year and a half ago somebody, in an evil hour, decreed that gaunt high bonnets should be the fashion, and forthwith every feminine face had to be framed in one, or to bravely bear those crushing epithets, "dowdy" and "antique," which were sure to be uttered with respect to the courageous one by irreverend younger sisters with round faces, and milliners desirous of disposing of their lengthy goods.

To give it its due, the high bonnet does suit one face in twenty; it suits a round face, whose breadth cannot only bear, but requires toning down; it suits that rarest shape of all, a low-browed, delicate oval—that shape where the oval is formed by the head arching resolutely immediately above the flat brow—that shape, in fact, that we see in profusion in marble, and meet with in real life about once in ten years. But a long face it causes to resemble a horse's, and imparts that appearance which is so essentially disagreeable, of there being as much lady above the shoulders as below. But the intelligent reader will agree with me in declaring that it is always the longest-faced women who have gone to the height of fashion, and the greatest length as regards bonnets.

Color-blindness must (judging by the toilettes one unfortunately can't avoid seeing) be a much commoner thing than it is generally supposed to be. In a crowd—in a fashionable, *richly* dressed crowd—every other woman has some error in the color of her costume (unless she's in deep mourning) which can only be excused by charitably supposing her to be afflicted with color-blindness.

How persistently some pretty women disregard the claims their hair and complexions have on them. How often we see a brilliant brunette, with deep eyes, and deep, clear crimson roses in her cheeks, arrayed in mauve or violet. How perpetually our sense of the beautiful is jarred against by the vision of a young lady, with a saffron hue in her complexion, attired in green, because the green is lovely. This new color, *biche*, has been the means of bringing out decidedly the fact of many faces that were described before as between dark and fair—*rather* inclining to blonde, in fact—being unmistakably fawn-colored.

What is that law of Nature which rules that fat women shall insert themselves either into something painfully tight or absurdly voluminous? They always scorn the medium—the fullest of "Girabaldis" in the morning, and the most compressing of velvet tiny jackets or vests at night. Nothing between, nothing that would conceal a little without being puffy in itself.

Again. Why do laths—long, flat women, with a yard and a half between their ears and the edges of their shoulders—wear garments that give them an appearance of still greater longitude, in their utter absence of trimming on the body and the sleeves? And why do they make that aforesaid journey from the ears to the shoulders still more terribly long and plain for the eyes of beholders, by "doing their hair" up high, and leaving *all* of the throat visible?

Fur has been more worn this winter than it has for many seasons, and the thickest, most enlarging fur has been usually placed upon shoulders already meritorious in their size. Fur that would render a sylph portly, if draped about her in the accustomed tippet form, is sure to be selected out of many other kinds by the broadest-backed dowager who chances first to see it.

There are many *piquant* paletots in vogue now, and many elegant mantles, and these are severally made in the richest and most beautiful materials; but after all, a woman, if graceful in herself, is never so becomingly or gracefully dressed for either the carriage or walking, as when wrapped in a large shawl.

It must be large—no possible arrangement can make a small shawl look well; but provided it is large, and its wearer knows how to walk under it, its folds are purer and finer than those of any other form of outside covering. The thing that makes the wearing of shawls a failure, as a rule, with English and American women is, that they imagine the great and only point to be the getting them—and keeping them with—the point symmetrically in the middle behind. This is a mistake; the shawl is the most freely flowing of all drapery—the most manageable of all drapery—if only the wearer knows how to manage it; therefore anything like stiffness should be abstained from in both its adjustment and subsequent arrangement.

What pretty hats the milliners have devised. Velvet hats, half Spanish, half Henry the Third, with just a dash of the sugar loaf or brigand in them; and the Prince of Wales's plume in the most airy of snowy feathers in the front. Round, drooping, flat-brimmed, we have them now of every shape, of every texture, and almost of every color. All faces may be suited, if only judgment is used; hats are in themselves so pretty that it is a hard struggle to get very far wrong with one. The worst and most frequent mistake made with respect to hats, is that of putting one suited to a child of tiny proportions and tender years on the top of a visage that has expanded through a series of many moons into the semblance of a full one.

In conclusion, we cannot think a lady becomingly dressed when she is bound in leather, and studded with steel nails like a portmanteau.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.

The most prominent among temporal things, to make life pleasant, is to be within the walls of a well-ordered house: not conspicuous for its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness and content to all who enter to enjoy its comforts. The woman who does not make this a grand item in her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station; does not enjoy the blessings of life; and indirectly despises her family and the Word of God. "*She looketh well to the ways of her household*," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told as a memorial of all those noble women who have been eminent in "looking well" to the ways of their households.

Agricultural.

ITALIAN HONEY-BEES.

In answer to the numerous inquiries pertaining to this species of bee, allow me through the columns of your paper, to give a description of them.

When they were first introduced into this country, I regarded them as more of a *humbug* than an improved species of honey-bee, and no doubt others have come to the same conclusion. But after due consideration and experience for the past three years, I have become fully convinced of their superiority over the common bee. They seem to be very hardy, will stand the cold of our northern winters better, collect honey much faster, work earlier in the morning and later at night than the common kind. The queens are more prolific, and will breed much faster than the common species. They will collect honey from some species of flowers which other bees pass by. Their proboscis seems to be longer, and being stronger and more active, they will frequently tear the flowers open to obtain the sweets, which the common bee will *never* do, and as has been frequently alleged, will collect honey from the smaller kinds of red clover. Their *size* is governed by the size of the cells where they are reared. If comb of other bees' make is used, they will be about the same size as our common bees. But if they are allowed to build their own brood comb, they will be considerably larger.

It has been frequently asserted, that the Italians have no weapon of defence. This is an error, as I learned in the early part of my experiments. I then thought they had instruments of warfare of unusual length. By careful management, I find they are much less liable to sting than the old kind. Beekeepers who are not thoroughly acquainted with the nature of bees, would do well to use a *fumigation pipe*, which will render any swarm perfectly manageable in less than ten seconds. They can even be shaken out of the hive, and not a bee will resent it.

They differ very materially in color as well as in the shape of their body from the common kind. Their bodies seem to be somewhat longer, and taper to near a point. The workers are all marked by a series of gold bands, encircling their bodies just under the wings. The drones are not so strongly marked. The workers resemble the common yellow wasp quite as much as they do the common kind of bees. The queens vary in color; some of them are a dark brown, others are quite light, approaching to a near gold color; but the progeny of a dark queen bear the marks quite as plainly as a light-colored one.

In regard to their *moral* habits, I cannot speak very favorably, unless it is for the robbery of our common stocks. In that capacity, they will excel anything I have ever seen. Being very smart and active, they will make their way into any common hive and get a load of honey and make their escape unharmed. They will have a full hive whether it is a good honey season or not, and I have frequently had them fill two hives, by placing one on top of the other.

I would advise all persons who engage in their culture, to make the entrance of the hive containing the common species very small, to prevent being robbed by them. The entrance of the Italian swarms should also be contracted, to prevent their robbing neighboring apiaries. The Italians are not so liable to rob their own species.—K. P. Kidder, of Burlington, Vt., in *Boston Cultivator.*

HORSES VS. OXEN.

We notice in several papers a discussion of the comparative cheapness and adaptability of horses and oxen for farm work. We do not propose to enter into the discussion, at length, but merely to suggest, as the result of our experience, that each has peculiar merits in different fields of labor. Oxen are decidedly preferable for ploughing sward land, on account of the slowness and regularity of their pace—but on stubble land, particularly if one is in a hurry to get in his spring grain, horses are preferable—and for housing hay and grain in hot weather, or when threatened by rain, there is no comparison. If we regard the expense we must decide for the oxen, unless we give the horses credit in full for what is daily gained by their greater speed; and the amount of this credit will depend very much upon the distance which the crops are to be hauled. A man whose barn is in the middle of his farm, can hardly realize how much he has to be thankful for in that regard, until he has worked a farm where the tillage land is a mile or so from the barn, and up hill at that. In the first case oxen will serve him much better than in the latter. Many of the Connecticut valley farmers buy oxen to do their ploughing in the spring, and then turn them out, and do their harvesting almost entirely with horses. Every farmer must have one horse—and if he is a good one, of the proper size, and well handled, he will do a vast deal of work—most large farmers will find two profitable.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Washing Alkalies from the Soil.—It will be recollected that Liebig has asserted that water cannot extract alkalies from the soil. Some people in this country have adopted that idea. But various experiments have been made which show that it is not well founded. Dr. Stockhardt, a well-known German writer on agriculture, has lately made some very interesting experiments on this subject. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who dates at Munster, Prussia, makes the following statement:

"He [Dr. Stockhardt] took a sample of rich soil which contained per acre 870 pounds of alkalies, 90 pounds of phosphoric acid, 360 pounds of silica—altogether, 2,550 pounds of mineral substances, in a soluble state. *All these soluble substances were completely washed out by water*, and the sample of soil then exposed to the alternate action of air and water."

It is proper to state that one of the objects of the experiment, was to ascertain the length of time necessary for rendering insoluble substances soluble, by the action of the air, rains, &c. After five months' exposure, Dr. S. obtained from the same sample of soil, 405 pounds of alkalies, 45 pounds of phosphoric acid, 300 pounds silica—altogether, 2,640 pounds of mineral substances per acre, at 12 inches in depth, which had become soluble.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 4, 12, 8, is a girl's nickname.
My 3, 11, 1, is a foreign measure.
My 2, 5, 13, is a measure.
My 4, 12, is a prefix.
My 5, 9, is an affix.
My 6, 5, 3, is a conjunction.
My 7, 4, 10, 10, is an elevation.
My 8, 12, 11, is a girl's name.
My 9, 5, 8, 6, is a tree.
My 10, 8, 1, 11, is an animal.
My 11, 1, 4, 12, is a preposition.
My 12, 2, 4, 10, is a part of the body.
My 13, 11, 1, 4, is a seed.
My whole is a contributor to The Post.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.
Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 29, 21, 18, 7, 24, 2, 23, 9, is a precious gem
My 25, 1, is a Latin prefix.
My 19, 15, 2, 28, 32, 8, is a mineral.
My 16, 5, 20, 10, is a part of every shoe.
My 12, 31, 14, 27, 5, 23, is a bird.
My 4, 28, 22, 30, 11, 6, is a tree.
My 3, 26, 13, 17, is a water-channel.
My whole were the words of a brave baron.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole all men possess.

But when transposed, I belong to animals alone.

When differently read, you will discover a word difficult to pronounce in adversity.

Transposed again, and I am an adjective which qualifies many persons in this world.

Change me once more, and I spell the name of a young girl.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in pie, but not in cake.
My 2nd is in hoe but not in rake.
My 3rd is in house, but not in barn.
My 4th is in wool, but not in yarn.
My 5th is in take, but not in give.
My 6th is in strainer, but not in sieve.
My 7th is in rye, but not in wheat.
And my whole is something good to eat.

C. A. F.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole was a poet of great reputation.

Behead me and curtail me twice, and I am *shivering!*

Behead again, and I am an eminence.

Again, and you see a calamity before you.

Now curtail me twice, and *I am myself again!*

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three fifths of the time till noon is equal to three-elevenths of the time till midnight; and one-fifth of the time till noon, plus one-half of the time from noon till midnight, is equal to four-elevenths of the time till midnight. What is the hour? JOE MAUZY.

☞ An answer is requested.

WANTED TO KNOW.

The name of the tune which was played upon the feelings?
If the cup of sorrow has a saucer?
In what form the phantoms of doubt appear?
What is the fine when people become intoxicated with happiness?
Why other men should not have a *forge* as well as a blacksmith?
How many men have bolted from the course of true love?
If any one was strangled who hung on a doubt?
How many dutiful sons belong to mother church?
If the light of other days was gas or electricity?
The name of the Irishman who got to the top of the morning?
If keeping a fast-day don't destroy many a brood of chickens?
If any one ever felt fatigued after the exercise of forbearance?
If the girl who clung to hope hadn't a slippery hold?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

A "GENERAL" ENIGMA.—Major-General William S. Rosecrans, the brave commander of the West. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The splendid Sewing Machine Premium.—CHARADE.—Milan. (Mail, ail, il, I.) RIDDLE.—He. CHARADE.—Chanticleer. (Chant-I-Clear.

Answer to PROBLEM by Jakir, published April 4.—Supposing the force of gravity to be 32 1-6 feet, and the velocity of sound 1,142 feet per second, the person must be 81087.9171 feet high; or, in miles, 15.3575 miles high.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

E. Hagerty gives the same answer as above, excepting a slight difference in the decimals—his answer being 81087.866.

Francis W. Hibbard gives as answer to same, 14.791356.

Jakir's answer is 6,757 feet.